



ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA, U. S. A.

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OBITUARY

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May they rest in peace.

Touching Jesus

There is a certain passage in the Holy Gospel of Saint Mark, that ought to be a real comfort to the sick and afflicted. It is this: "And whithersoever he entered, into towns or into villages, or cities, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought him that they might touch but the hem of his garment: and as many as touched him were made whole." (St. Mark 6:56.)

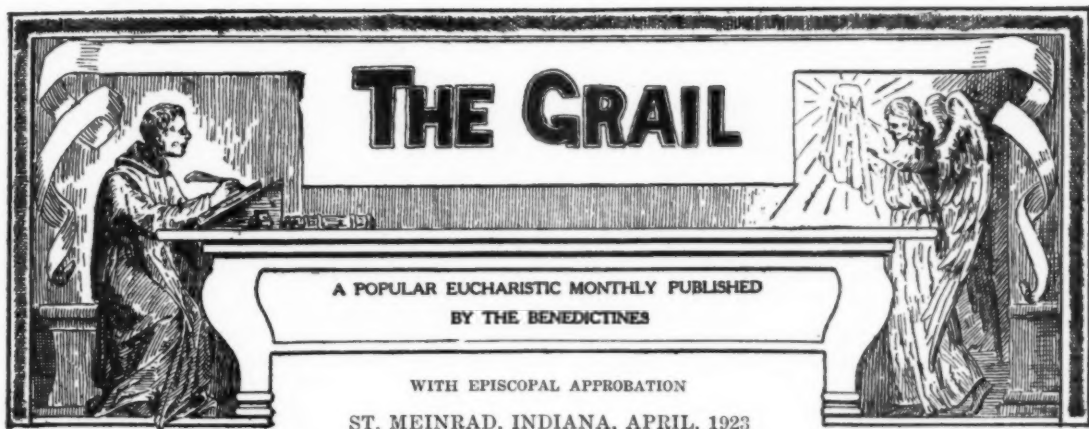
Veiled in the garments of the sacramental species, the good and gentle Jesus still continues to enter into towns, villages, and cities, not only of Palestine, but of our own country. Go to Him, or if that is impossible, even ask to have Him conducted to your bedside. Touch the hem of His Eucharistic veil. Yes, make your

poor suffering frame the living tabernacle of this living God.—"As many as touched Him were made whole."

Easter Lilies

BETH CHENEY NICHOLS

Tall and stately, pure and white,
Lilies are for our delight.
Flower-saints with hearts of gold
Live to tell the story old,
How our Savior died for us,
Rose to prove miraculous
All His loving works on earth,
Rose to prove that Death is Birth,
If we follow in His way.
So the lilies of today
Will arise next Easter Day.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

Christ is Risen from the Dead

Happy Easter! The feast of the Resurrection comes this year before the flowers in our northern clime have begun to bloom. But, flowers or no flowers, Easter is ever joyous, for it commemorates the rising of the Son of Justice from the night of death. By His own power, according to His prediction, the Savior came forth from the tomb glorious on the third day after His ignominious death on the tree of the cross. Although the sepulcher had been closed with a large stone, and sealed shut, and a guard placed before it, lest the disciples carry off the body secretly and spread the report that He was risen from the dead, no precautions taken by men could prevent the all-powerful God from accomplishing His will. Therefore, unhampered by grave cloths or other obstacles, on the morning of the third day after the crucifixion the sacred body and soul of Christ reunited and, endued with glory, passed from its burial place unknown to the guards.

PROPERTIES OF THE SAVIOR'S GLORIFIED BODY

At His Resurrection the Savior was able to come forth from the tomb without opening it and to pass through walls with the doors closed because in the glorified state His body possessed subtilty, a quality that makes solid matter no hindrance to the passage of a body that is glorified. On Friday He died amid unspeakable torment and untold agony, impassibility now makes it impossible for Him ever again to suffer physical pain. A third property of His glorified body was charity, which gave Him a splendor and magnificence exceeding that of the sun. Agility is a fourth property that He possessed, and this enabled Him to go in an instant from earth to heaven or from one end of the earth to the other.

THE RISEN CHRIST IS GOD

By His Resurrection from the dead Christ gave ample proof that He was God. If any doubt had remained in the minds of some of the Apostles that possibly after all they had been deceived—for they saw His ap-

parent helplessness, that He submitted to His enemies and was put to death, which as God He might have prevented—they are now confirmed in their faith in His Divinity. By placing his hands in the wounds of the hands and the side of the Savior, Thomas removed every possible doubt for all time. Happy are we who have been redeemed by the Precious Blood, who are the children of light and followers of Christ. Heaven with its eternal riches is our inheritance. In the Church with her sacraments and graces Christ has left us the means to attain our inheritance. We are bound then to hear the Church, to be faithful to her teachings, to pray and make frequent use of the sacraments, if we would one day rise with glorified bodies to reign forever with Christ in the kingdom of His glory.

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR MEN

While charity begins at home, it demands that we seek to procure the spiritual welfare of our fellow men also. At the Last Supper, on Holy Thursday evening, the Savior left a token of His immeasurable love for men in the celestial banquet that He prepared for their spiritual nourishment. "Do this in commemoration of me," He said to His Apostles. Not only were the Apostles commanded to change bread and wine into His body and blood, but all who wish to see eternal life must partake of this sacred banquet, for, "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath life everlasting: and I will raise him up on the last day,"—a pledge of future resurrection. The penalty for not receiving His body and blood in Holy Communion He pronounced in the words: "I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you." Each word of this pronouncement bears weighing well.—It was love that urged Him to institute this holy sacrament: "With desire I have desired to eat this Pasch with you." His mission, to save souls, was ever uppermost in His mind. Scarcely had he left the sacred banquet hall when He began to shed His blood for men. We see Him betrayed by an Apostle, treated barbarously by a rude

soldiery, led from one tribunal to another, beaten with scourges at the pillar, crowned with thorns, carrying His heavy cross up to the place assigned for His crucifixion, where He sinks exhausted. Even Nature mourns the while its God hangs in agony on the cross.

DID CHRIST SHED HIS BLOOD IN VAIN?

It would almost seem so were we to consider that of the 1,665,000,000 people on earth 1,075,000,000 are still pagans and that the balance, 590,000,000 profess Christianity in some form or other. The adherents of the true faith number less than 300,000,000. Yet we must not forget that man is a free agent, that he has a free will, and he can, accordingly, reject or accept any doctrine at will. The majority of men, however, are following ways of their own choice, and those ways unfortunately do not lead to God. For such Christ suffered in vain because they make void His merits in their regard. But we, who are more fortunate than they, have a positive duty to perform in helping to spread the kingdom of God. It is not sufficient that our goodness be a negative quality in merely abstaining from evil, but we must endeavor by our good example, good works, and prayers, to help win over the multitudes that are now walking the broad and easy path to everlasting perdition. One of the simplest means at our disposal to assist in this noble work lies in the International Eucharistic League for the union of Christendom. This League has a threefold purpose: (1) union of the Catholics of the whole world; (2) the return to the Church of all non-Catholics; (3) the conversion of all non-Christians. To accomplish its grand object the League asks its members to make a short daily offering of all the Masses and Holy Communions of the whole world for its threefold intention, besides this, to offer up also for the same intention an occasional Holy Communion received and Mass heard. There are no other obligations. Neither fees nor dues are required nor are collections taken up, yet a small alms is acceptable at the time of admission that current expenses may be met. Join at once and get your friends to join too. Be a promoter of the grand cause. Apply to Rev. Benedict Brown, O. S. B., St. Meinrad, Ind.

Romewards—Homewards

The thrifty Hollanders, who by tenacity of purpose reclaimed their land from the angry sea, are now garking to the Church those that were severed from the bark of Peter by the Reformation. The Catholics, who number two and one-half million, about two-fifths of the population, are so active that many Protestants fear that in but a few years the whole land will be Catholic.

The cause of this tendency Romewards is to be found in the intensely spiritual life of the Dutch Catholics. The sources of this supernatural vigor must be traced to frequent and daily Communion, and to the annual retreats that are well attended by all classes. Last year 12,000 workmen made these retreats. The high stage

of supernatural life of the faithful may be gaged by the number of religious vocations. Whilst we find in the world at large an average of 26 out of every 10,000 Catholics who follow a religious calling, in Holland the per cent is 95. This life of faith manifests itself in truly apostolic work, that of laboring for the salvation of the neighbor's soul, not only by converting the heathens in foreign lands but also by bringing back to the fold the separated brethern in their midst. Conversion is a grace which prayer alone can win from God. For this reason the Catholics of Holland pray so much for the conversion of Protestants. Another potent factor is the conducting of missions for non-Catholics to make them acquainted with Catholic doctrine, according to the words of the Apostle: "Faith cometh from hearing."

A convert once remarked how difficult it had been for her before her conversion to come in contact with Catholic belief. "Catholics," she said, "seem to entrench themselves behind a wall; the laity will not speak about matters of religion with a non-Catholic, and he is often too timid to seek out a priest." Acting on this remark, the Jesuits undertook to give conferences that the non-Catholics might be given an opportunity of learning the fundamental truths of our holy faith. In the winter season of 1917-1918 the start was made, and soon the speaker was confronted by an audience of from 500 to 600 people of every religious denomination, Protestants, Calvinists, Pantheists, Atheists, and Theosophites. The conferences were of a popular nature, adapted to the audience, not scientific treatises with an endless chain of conclusions. How the audience listened! They had not so much as dreamt of such things before. A new world seemed to open out before them.

A step farther was taken when Father Van Ginneken, S. J., and Father Kemper, S. J., conducted the first retreat for non-Catholics in August 1919. They did so at the request of an infidel physician who with a few other persons wished to become acquainted with the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius. They were real retreats, with silence and meditation, and were held for the purpose of showing the interior beauty and sublimity of our holy faith to those who viewed them only exteriorly, and then only through the dark spectacles of prejudice. The end aimed at was not to make converts, for that is the work of the Holy Ghost, but to bring those sheep without a shepherd a few degrees closer to us. "They came to us," says the retreat master, "saying: 'Lead us, show us the way, tell us what Christ wants of us.'"

The impression made on these good-willed retreatants is voiced by a Protestant minister who made these holy exercises. "We received a clear view of the Catholic religion, which we now cherish more. We spent quiet, peaceful days, days of real edification. We felt that between us and the retreat master there was bond of union,—eternal, divine silence. The conferences were not so much dogmatic treatises, as rather suggestions

for examining our interior, which was made easy by prayer and silence. Never in my life have I applied my mind more attentively to the consideration of God's will than in the meditations which followed the discourses. I discovered ever more the deep knowledge of the human soul that the Roman Catholic Church possesses. Never will the world with all her pedagogical science produce anything like this."—E. V. B.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

Days of Prayer

The feast of St. Mark and the three days preceding Ascension are the occasions whereon Holy Church makes special public prayer for all the needs of her faithful and for the world at large. It is for us to join in these prayers both by our presence and our devotion.

Where it is possible these Rogation Day prayers are said publicly and in open procession. This circumstance gives them a special character and added weight before the throne of God. If Our Lord has said that where two or three are gathered to pray in His name they may be the more assured of a certain and speedy answer, what shall we say of the power the official prayers of the Church have when poured forth publicly by whole congregations of the faithful?

Moreover, this circumstance of prayer, united and in public procession, has other weighty results. Our participation therein is a very meritorious profession of faith to the outside world. Those who witness this cannot but be edified, the weak in faith strengthened, and to unbelievers the great lessons of faith and piety and religion are the more forcibly brought home.

Opposing the Klan

You may have noticed that up to now THE GRAIL has not devoted any space to the discussion of the Ku Klux Klan. Not that we fear them; but that we think it unnecessary, perhaps impractical. I have always thought that their campaign has been based rather on the noise they can make than on results they achieve. It has been my belief that it is the glamour of mystery and foreboding thrown about them by the newspapers that has swelled their ranks so very much and enabled them to achieve their all-absorbing purpose of filching from the pockets of certain self-styled patriots as much money as possible for the privilege of a spectral costume, a secret meeting about a fiery cross, and of inward glee at the thought of the terror in which they are held. The only effective method of bringing them to nought is to destroy this power of secrecy by publishing to the world the names of known klansmen. Other discussion of their escapades, meetings, threats, and potentialities serves but to whet the curiosity of the weak

to know this mysterious body and become members of it.

In "Collier's" for January 27, "Uncle Henry" discusses the Klan with his characteristic humorous philosophy. All his words are worth quoting but space allows only a part:

"It's not hard to tell 'em, for they never go out without rubbers, an' always carry an umbrella. Their idea of red-blooded literature is the Elsie Books, an' they're continually agitatin' against croquet as a brutal sport: they love hard winters, hopin' the Atlantic Ocean will freeze over, an' everybody not born here is a 'furriner.'

"They're a harmless lot, as a general thing, an' you rarely hear of 'em except when one comes into court to have his wife put under bonds to keep the peace. Sometimes they go down to the depot to see a train pull in, but for the most part they live quietly, never breakin' cover except to lay in a new stock of liver pills an' dan-druff cure, or maybe see a magic-lantern show. Every so often, however, a sort of a rage sweeps over 'em, usually from an overdose of oil stock or after findin' out that the lightnin' rod contract they signed was really a promissory note. Then they hive like a lot of bees, an' commence blaimin' everything on everybody but themselves, and huntin' for conspirators against the glorious ideal of Hundred Per Cent Ku-Kluxism.

"Every night they conduct a hopeful search under the bed an' in closets, an' their days are spent in crafty pursuit of full-bearded men.

"That's why everything is so secret about the K. K. K. They're afraid the Pope 'll get in an' do somethin' to 'em. From what I hear they change their password so often that half the members don't know it an' have to stay outside, an' usually the meetin' place itself is so guarded that even the Imperial Wizard has to put an ad in the 'Lost' column. An' when they do manage to get together, there's an awful time straightenin' out the Klinks an' the Klaiids, for nobody can ever remember which is which. The only hing that sustains 'em is the newspapers. When they read in their Klippings and Komments bulletin what a menace they are, they get strength to take another whack at memorizin' the ritual."

Confusion Quite Confounded

In the literature of today we read much of the smashing of common conventionalities. Here and there we see it in the piece of fiction whose heroine is brave enough to break through the barriers set around her social life by age-old rules and maxims of conduct; again we are given a picture of these ultra conservatives of society who stifle geniality in the intercourse with their fellow-beings by hard and fast conventions, as a fat man's joy is stifled at a social function with a high collar and a "biled front." And we are to admire the one just as we pity the other.

But there are conventions and conventions. It is perfectly in harmony with the loose thinking of these times that the producers of such literature fail to make herein a very momentous distinction. In their minds

it is all one to regard indiscriminately as conventions fixed rules of conduct emanating from the Most High God, and arbitrary points of etiquette established by practices of the upper class. It is against this confusion of terms that I would vehemently protest.

Yet on sober consideration, we have little cause to be surprised at this glaring confusion. It is but a logical outcome of the "free interpretation" of everything pertaining to dogma, moral, and worship which has taken root and flourished in society since the Reformation that was a deformation.

The human mind without a divine guide must necessarily come to the pass that essentials and non-essentials become mingled and confused; that commercialized immorality and commercialized retailing of beer be placed on a par, or that the letter be condemned even more than the former; that for a millionaire family to eat a square meal at midday and Philistinely call it dinner, be a more damnable error of etiquette than for that millionaire to eschew children and change wives at passion's bidding; that condones the abandoned nocturnal revels of responsible men and women so long as the men come in dress suits, and all the guests sip their tea in the approved fashion and adapt the complicated cutlery properly to the respective viands. Laugh, yes. Rather weep. But be not deceived.

Conventions founded on the law of God and on politeness—which in the end is but Christian charity—such rules and conventions are to be honored and bred into our children. The rest may receive the contempt and condemnation they deserve.

How we smile at reading the story of the rich little girl who, in her loneliness without brothers and sisters, escaped the vigilance of governesses, maids, and other mother-substitutes, to have a rollicking time with a large family of poor children in their back yard. Having thereby developed a healthy appetite, probably for the first time, she said, "O how hungry I am." "Come and eat at our house," said the children. She went.

On the way thither she intimated something about enjoying a hearty luncheon. "Lunch!" returned one quite surprised, "We don't have lunch now; we have dinner!"

The great middle class, to which most of my readers belong, have yet, thank God, preserved the true distinction between nonsense and the ten Commandments. Let us not commit the error of falling into a simian imitation of those who would confuse them.

The Eucharist heals the maladies of the soul.—St. Cyril of Alexandria.

Resurrection Splendor

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

White Easter! The Lamb's Resurrection bespeaking:
White garments about Him, His wounds fulgent white:
White splendor of glory. From death be my rising,
Dear Lord, white in glory and triumphant bright.

The Holy Grail

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER

BOOK 4. QUEEN REPANSE

(Continued)

Next came the flowing hairlike trceries
And Arabesque designs all interlaced
Of Norbert's skillful hand. Nor faltered he
To the last word, and "Finis" wrought
In wondrous workmanship. This much they knew
And tenderly they laid their treasure there
Within the chapel where it may be read
By all that pass that way. But knowing well
That greedy eyes might scan its pages fair
More for the lust of gold that they might bring
Than for the wisdom and the truth they hold
And seize with impious hands, they made it fast
Unto a pillar with a chain and ring
Like to the cup that, hung beside the spring,
Serves but the traveller's want and not his greed.
Then Repanse softly spoke with shining eyes:
"Forgive me, Grandsire, for this seeming doubt,
Though I repent not of the froward words
That called these wondrous stories to your mind,
For little dreamed I as the book I read,
Of all the pain and toil that brought it forth—
Of three strong lives cemented in one act
To give God's word unto us thoughtless folk."
"Nay, Repanse, yours is but the fault of youth;
But this remember, that the Lord Christ lives,
That is the sun that warms all Christian hearts,
Yet, child, despise not any thread that draws
Our weakly nature to the feet of God.
This holy Cup has been a beacon light
To many rude, untaught, but loving men
Who else had sunk into the slimes of earth
Lost in the clamour of wild barbarous times.
Ah, we, half human half divine, must still
Pursue with childish and oft faltering feet
The signs and symbols of heavenly truth
E'er firm we tread the pathway unto God."
Then rose old Titrel and took his way,
But Repanse, thoughtful, by the altar knelt
And prayed for surcease of her brother's pain.
One day in answer to their many prayers
A cloud descended and the mystic Cup
In all its beauty stood before their eyes.
Then quick Queen Repanse, all her heart aflame
With eager longing, sprang unto the shrine
And to her bosom clasped the chalice fair
And straight unto Amfortas' side she came,
The knights all following as in olden times,
But dim the light shone on the wounded Knight,
And yet he felt the burning pain decrease
Nor from that day returned its piercing fires.
And now was Repanse' life a wondrous dream,
For each great feast the Holy Grail appeared
All rights reserved

And all the old procession formed again
 And down the line she reverent bore the Cup
 Unto Amfortas on his bed of pain.
 Cheered by its light, he half forgot his woes
 And hope gleamed faintly on the distant verge,
 But still the bell that erstwhile called the guards
 To knightly deeds was silent in the tower,
 For heaven that pities and forgives a crime
 Sends penance down, and angel stern and strong
 To lead the sinner back again to God,
 Else where is justice in the plan divine?
 For if our sins were covered by God's grace,
 He needs must pardon all nor favor some,
 And virtue had no merit in His eyes.
 The slow days passed nor came the promised knight
 To ease the guardians of their heavy dole,
 And gentle Repanse bore the holy Cup
 But ever longing for the days of old,
 And to her grandsire oft she brought her grief—
 "Oh, would that I were called upon some quest
 Though I might leave my life upon the deed,
 How gladly would I pour my maiden blood
 To lift God's anger from this woeful house
 Nor dragons blazing in their glittering coils
 Could daunt nor giants with their rending hands,
 Died I in service of the Holy Grail."
 Then Titurel, with wisdom reaped from years
 And smiling gently,—"Aye a quest will come."
 He ever promised thus a quest will come.

BOOK 5. SIR PARSIFAL

One morn in June e'er yet the sun had left
 His watery bed, and all rose-tinted blushed
 The expectant skies, a knightly form was seen
 Before the long neglected travellers' gate.
 A wave of hope rushed o'er the temple vast
 And brought red blood to cheeks that long were pale,
 The drooping flag streamed out upon the breeze
 And down the eagle cast the sun's first glance
 In shining arrows to the courtyard dim.
 "Haste, haste," cried Titurel, "the promised Knight,
 Do him all service as becomes his rank,
 In perfumed waters bathe his weary limbs
 And finest linen bring unto his need,
 His gallant steed by well filled manger stall,
 And let the banquet board, that ne'er has failed
 Since first the guardianship fell to our hand,
 Be spread in honor of this looked for guest."
 Then came Sir Parsifal, for it was he,
 Into the mystic temple and there saw
 The passing wonders of that strange abode.—
 A palace church and temple all in one,
 A dream in masonry, a "song in stone,"
 A harmony of colors, blent as ne'er
 Was rainbow blended in the arching sky,
 Sir Titurel, old as the ruined oak
 That stretched its naked arms across the sky,
 Amfortas sighing on his bed of pain,
 The noble knights all solemn and weary eyed,
 Who greet him as a long expected guest,

Nor asks he reason for the things he sees.
 A hymn was sung and in procession formed
 The sad-faced knights all clothed in gleaming mail,
 The unused sword ensheathed hung by the side,
 The right hand held a torch, the sign of hope.
 A slender maiden glided down the line,
 Her hair a golden torrent falling free,
 Her blue eyes shining clear with faith and hope,
 And to her bosom clasped a chalice fair
 That shed soft radiance on the circling gloom
 And each knight whispered: "Lo! The Holy Grail."
 Then singing sweet she passed, an angel fair,
 Unto Amfortas on his bed of pain,
 Who turned on Parsifal beseeching eyes
 And him Amfortas gave his unused sword,
 Nor asked he yet the meaning of these things.

(Conclusion next month)

He That Showed Mercy

KATE AYERS ROBERT

Hast ever dwelt long on the story
 That was told in the far far away
 Of the traveller who fell by the wayside,
 Left by robbers to die there, they say?
 Can't picture again those who passed him,
 The Levite—the priest, see anew?
 Then pause to reflect on the feeling,
 Supposing that traveller were you.

The time and the place may be different,
 But men are the same as of old,
 And many a traveller doth languish
 The same as the story once told.
 The road, not to Jericho leading,
 Nor are robbers now seen at each turn,
 But earth's highway is bearing all travellers
 Each striving life's lesson to learn.

The victim's wounds now oft are hidden
 From eyes that glare coldly about,
 The bleeding heart quick as the pulse throb
 The physician must touch to find out,
 The aching frames bent by the efforts
 For loved ones who lean on their care,
 The souls that are torn in an anguish
 Known only to God through a prayer.

Go, seek them on every day's journey,
 Those victims that lie by the road,
 And strive with Samaritan kindness
 To help them to carry their load;
 Go farther, reach into the byways,
 With visits, kind words, and good cheer—
 Hear blessings fall on the commandment,
 "Do thou likewise," then for God persevere.

It is better to approach frequently the holy table out
 of love, than to abstain through humility.—Ven. Fr.
 de la Colombiere.

Rose Blair Makes Altar Breads

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

IT was Saturday afternoon. Father Gilbert was sitting in his study preparing a sermon for the morrow. Over at the church Rose Blair, on sacristan duty for the vacation, was putting things in order for the Lord's day. By the sudden look of anxiety that spread over her countenance one could see that she was greatly worried about something.

"Father," she burst out, as she ran almost breathlessly into the presence of the astonished pastor, the mail man has just made his last round and he didn't leave our supply of hosts, and there are none here. What will we do for tomorrow? It is too late now to send for them."

"Oh, if that's all, there is nothing to worry about. You will simply have to bake as many as we need."

"I! Father. I don't know how."

"Well, then, take your first lesson now. The Church no longer requires the ceremony and solemnity that were formerly used in making hosts."

"I don't think I'd better try, for I might not do it right."

"Now listen to how they were formerly made and then I'll tell you what you have to do. You know what great respect the Church has for the holy sacrament of the altar. Because of this respect she has always exercised extreme care in regard to the preparation of the hosts. For instance, some monasteries went so far as to cultivate in a special field the wheat that was intended for the Holy Eucharist. This was called the field of the 'Corpus Domini'—the Body of the Lord.

"Moreover, various ceremonies were used at the baking of the altar breads. In the rule of St. Pachomius, who died in 346, the religious were recommended to devote themselves to meditation while kneading the sacrificial loaf. In the famous abbey of Cluny in France three priests or deacons, who were fasting, having said the office of Lauds, the seven penitential psalms, and the litanies, had a lay brother as their assistant when they prepared the bread

for the Eucharistic feast. After the novices had carefully picked, sorted, and ground the wheat, the flour was placed on a rimmed table and mixed with cold water. A lay brother, who wore gloves on such occasions, put the dough on the iron mold that was used in baking hosts. This mold was placed over a large fire of vine branches until the bread was baked. Two other helpers assisted in cutting out and trimming the hosts, throwing those away that were soiled or imperfect.

"In the abbey of Saint Denis, likewise in France, similar ceremonies were observed. Those who made the altar breads were fasting. Only the best wheat was used. It was selected grain by grain, washed, poured into a sack and taken to the mill, but before it was ground the millstones were washed that the flour might be perfectly pure. Next a religious put on an alb, as the priest does at Mass, and ground the wheat, while two priests and two deacons vested in amices and albs, mixed the flour with cold water and baked the hosts.

"It is said also of St. Wenceslaus, duke of Bohemia in the tenth century, that with his own hands he used to sow the wheat that was intended for the Holy Eucharist, cut it when ripe, winnow it himself, grind it, and make the flour into bread for the Holy Sacrifice."

"Father," broke in the sacristan, "there was a Syrian priest here sometime ago and he did not use the same altar bread that we do."

"You see he belonged to the Oriental Church, which is united with the Church at Rome. The bread he used was leavened, that is, raised with yeast. It is certain that Christ used unleavened bread at the Last Supper, for the Jews were not permitted to keep leavened bread in their houses at the time of the Pasch. Both the Latin and the Greek Churches, however, have always held that unleavened bread as well as leavened bread is valid matter for consecration, provided it is made of pure wheaten flour. In the Latin



THE BREAD OF LIFE

Church priests must use unleavened bread at the celebration of Mass, whilst in the Greek Church the use of leavened bread is of obligation."

"I believe the Syrian priest had a square piece of bread."

"Quite true, but from the earliest days, at least as far back as the time of Pope Zephyrinus in the third century, the hosts used in the Latin Church were of a circular form. There was a practical as well as a mystical reason for this. The round host can be handled more easily, and then, too, the circle, which is the most perfect of figures, is a symbol of infinity, for it has no end. Therefore it most suitably represents Him who by His eternity, immensity, love, and the merits of His sacrifice is infinite."

"But not all hosts are alike. Some are perfectly smooth while others have some sort of representation on them."

"Yes, various images are to be found on the wafers, for the Church does not prescribe any particular design. In this respect each church is permitted to make its own choice. Among these designs you will find the crucified Savior, the Lamb, the Sacred Heart, sometimes also a simple cross, or IHS, the initial letters of IHSOYS, the Greek word for Jesus, or the cross with IHS and the nails with which Christ was fastened to the cross, and so on."

"After hearing this fine lecture on hosts, Father, I fear it's a sorry lot that I'll make for you, but if you will tell me how to go about it, I'll try my luck."

"You need have no fear at all, for it's very simple. In the first place, you will have to look up in the attic for the iron molds, an instrument that somewhat resembles a large forceps with two long handles at the end of which are two circular plates, one overlapping the other. If you can't find the molds, you will have to use two flatirons as the early missionaries did. Then order flour from the mill, but—"

"Father, it's more convenient to get it at the grocery."

"Oh no! That won't do. You have no certainty that it is absolutely pure and unmixed with other ingredients even if you find the sack labeled 'Absolutely Pure.' Phone the miller and tell him what you want it for. He knows what is required, for he sells the flour to the sisters who bake our hosts."

"I have found the molds, Father, and cleaned them. Now I am ready for directions."

"Place the irons on the stove or over the fire to heat, but don't let them become too hot, for they will cause the wafers to turn yellow. Now to make the dough put some of the flour into

a bowl and mix with cold water until you have a smooth paste. Don't take too much water at first but thin the paste gradually otherwise it will be lumpy. When the irons are hot enough, rub just a little lard or butter or beeswax on them to keep the bread from sticking. Then spread a thin layer of the paste over the lower disc or plate and close them tight. In a moment or two the wafer will be baked. Open the irons and take off the newly baked bread and keep repeating this process until you have as much as you need. If you place these wafers in a damp place for a short time, they may be cut and trimmed more easily."

"If that's all there is to it, anybody can make hosts," said the sacristan with an air of confidence.

"Of course," spoke up Father Gilbert encouragingly. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't impossible for you to do the work?"

Gathering up the irons and the circular cutters, Rose Blair hastened home to go about her task. She was determined to make a good job of it as she said, for didn't her reputation depend upon the outcome of her first experience in host baking. Above all it was her ambition to make the hosts as white as possible. By supper her efforts had been crowned with success. She was eager to show the results to Father Gilbert and let him know what perfection she had attained in the new art and, well, it's one of the weaknesses of human nature to look for a little word of praise or a smile of approval. As he would soon have to return to the confessional, she hastened over to the rectory, positive that he would be delighted.

"Ah! Here's our new baker. How did you succeed, Rose? Oh, aren't they lovely,—white as the driven snow. I guess we'll have to employ you in the future and cancel our agreement with the sisters. How did you manage to get them so immaculately white? Not even the sisters can do that."

"It's very simple, Father," she replied elated. "I added just a little cornstarch to the flour."

"Cornstarch! That may not be used in altar bread. Flour and water is all that is permitted."

"I put in just a little for the bleaching effect, Father," said the now crestfallen sacristan. "A little, surely, won't make any difference."

"Well, were I to use these hosts, even though the quantity of cornstarch were quite inconsiderable—"

"Yes, it was very little."

"They would be valid for consecration—"

"Oh I am glad that they turned out so well."

"Now wait a minute! The consecration would be valid, were I to use them, but I should be committing a sin thereby. I am sure you wouldn't want me to offend Our Lord at the altar. The only thing to do, then, is to bake another batch, but be sure this time to take absolutely nothing except flour and water."

"No, of course, Father, I wouldn't want to be the cause of your committing sin. I am sorry," she said resignedly, "I made such a botch of it when I tried to do my very best. I'll go right back and bake some new ones."

Much disappointed at the failure, the humbled sacristan began her labor anew. This time the requirements of the Church were strictly adhered to. With the experience of the afternoon she now found host baking quite easy. When finished, however, she did not go to Father Gilbert to seek his commendation but went directly to the sacristy and put them in their proper place.

At Mass the next morning she looked with special delight on the Sacred Host which her own hands had baked. The sight of the many communions likewise filled her heart with joy to think that she had been instrumental in enabling so many souls to receive their Lord and Master. How happy she now was that her first hosts had not been used. Her gratification was all the greater because of her previous distress and anguish. After all it is only by previous trials and crosses that we attain true consolation.

Vice Venders

HARRY W. FLANNERY

BABY Guy and Exhibit A are no longer subjects for the vulgar yellow press, but there are always new scandal morsels with which to feed the gluttonous public. With sufficient ability a man may become either a successful crook or a successful business man. Backed by able men, a newspaper may become either a successful vice vender or a successful public servant. The newspaper that features vice and immorality is the more successful, but it must not be forgotten that the newspaper which does not feature vice and immorality is successful, too, (the *New York Times*, the *Springfield Republican*, and the *Boston Transcript*, for instance,) for although of lesser circulation, such a paper is able to charge more for preferable advertising space. Success depends upon whether ability is directed toward good or bad service. Intelligently handled news, whether appealing to man as an animal or appealing to man as a rational being, can make a newspaper successful. One class of success results because

a newspaper feeds man's body, the other, because it feeds man's mind. One spreads before him a feast of spiritual poison, the other selects food that will develop man as man. Ordinarily, immorality and vice are the private concern of an individual. Whenever they become general or produce crime, however, they become legitimate news, for people have a right to know of what concerns and endangers themselves or their community, but they have no right to know unnecessary details. A newspaper's emphasis on immorality is not legitimate when the condition is not correspondingly present in life. The newspaper should endeavor to print all the news fit to print, and endeavor to print it so that it mirrors actuality proportionately, so promoting public betterment. Detailed spreads on vice do not promote public betterment.

How beautiful will that soul be in eternity that has worthily and often received the good God.—Ven. Cure of Ars.

How precious a thing, how marvelous, how healthgiving, how furnished with all dainties is the supper of the Lord.—St. Thomas.

The Lord's Presses

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

"As silver is tried by fire, so the Lord trieth the hearts."
—Prov. 17:3.

'Neath the millstone, slowly grinding,
Are the wheaten kernels laid,
Yielding up their snowy powder
From which spotless hosts are made.

Luscious grapes within the wine press,
Dying, form a purple flood
Which the priest at Mass each morning
Changes into Jesus' Blood.

By the force of gentle pressure
Are the olives bruised and bled,
That with their balsamic life-blood
Jesus' vigil lamps be fed.

Only on the glowing charcoal
Does the incense yield its scent,
Sending forth its sweet aroma
Till its life is wholly spent.

Human hearts are like the incense,
Olives, grapes, and grains of wheat,
Which the Master gently crushes
To draw out their savor sweet.

This thy comfort be in sufferings,
In thy sorrows and distress,—
'Tis the Lord that sends the crosses,
'Tis His hand that turns the press.

The Hobby

MARY CLARK JACOBS

FATHER Weston turned his head towards the door as his housekeeper admitted a visitor; then the old mahogany chair swung around and he jumped up to grasp a man's hand in joyous welcome.

"Ah, John, I'm glad to see you. Sit down and tell me what good fortune brings you here today."

"Rather it is ill fortune, Father. Another clue to my boy—another false clue and another hope shattered," the man sighed.

"Ah, John, you still have hope? You won't give up! You won't believe that your son is dead? It's more than a dozen years since the boy disappeared."

"It is fourteen years since our baby boy was stolen. I can't give up the hope of finding him, Father! His mother and I seem to live, to work and pray with that one, big incentive urging us to further effort, the recovery of our child!"

"God has been good to you in many ways, John. You are very wealthy and have five fine daughters."

"Yes," he acknowledged. "But until I know—know for an absolute certainty that my son is dead, I shall continue to search for him and his mother and I will hope and pray for his recovery."

"Tell me something of this clue that brought you here," the priest suggested.

"The detective located Andy Long, Lime Andy he was called on account of his limp. Perhaps you've heard me mention him as one of the agitators in the labor trouble that I had in the factory just previous to my son's disappearance?"

The priest nodded and the man continued:

"Andy vanished about the same time and we thought he might have taken the boy in revenge for my refusal to take back the agitators when the balance of the men were reinstated in the factory. I employed detectives and they followed this and many other clues—but with no success."

"Again Lime Andy eluded you?"

"Yes. The officer learned that he was employed in a lumber yard here and wired for me to come—but the man was gone again."

"He learned that the detective was after him?"

"Undoubtedly. But the search for him will go on and eventually Lime Andy will be caught and I shall question him about my child."

"I hope so, John. Pray God it may be so!"

As Father Weston conversed with his friend,

he had drawn from his desk a pad and pencil and was employed in hastily making a sketch of the man before him. It was a remarkably good likeness, that showed the hand of an artist, and when he had made the last shading, he wrote the name and date beneath it and raised his eyes to catch the smile of amusement that played on the man's face.

"You still have the old hobby, Father?"

The clergyman laughed good-naturedly: "I have, John. It's grown into a habit—a bad habit, some people have been kind enough to tell me. When I sit here talking with a person, almost unconsciously I grasp pencil and pad and draw a picture of him or her. 'Tis a bad habit that's gotten me into mischief, too. Mrs. Ready threatened to report me to the Bishop because I drew her profile when she came in one cold day with her head done up in a woolen hood that was unbecoming to her particular style of beauty, and Jerry Smith hasn't been in my study since the wart cropped out on his nose!"

"How many pictures of me are there in your rogues' gallery?"

"Oh, dozens of them! In an old scrapbook I have my first crude attempts while we were kids at school together and I have many more to remind me of our college days. Sure, John, I have you from the time you were a mere scrawny runt of a lad when you couldn't even make the scrub ball team because of underweight."

"It's a pity you didn't take a few scratches of yourself at that time," John Greshan bantered.

"You never even tried to make the team."

The priest's eyes twinkled with merriment:

"John, you must remember that I was a delicate child."

"Bosh! You were a lazy rascal! With your pencil and pad you were content to sketch the players instead of working for the glory of the team. We all thought you were destined to be a great artist. And you chose the priesthood!"

"And on account of your proclivity for mischief, we thought you'd end in the penitentiary wearing stripes. And you're a highly respected citizen! Such is life!" The two men laughed and John Greshan arose.

"It does me good to see and talk to you, Father."

"Must you go?" The priest's voice was full of regret.

"Yes. I had an hour until train time and

ran in to spend it with you. You've chased away the blues, as I knew you would. I'll write to you if I find Lame Andy. Meanwhile, continue to pray and offer a holy Mass every week that I find my son."

After the man's departure, Father sat in meditation for some minutes, but his reverie was soon broken by the arrival of another visitor. This time it was a pale lad of eighteen, showing plainly the traces of recent illness, the maid ushered in.

"You told me to come to you, Father," the boy faltered twisting a ragged cap in his nervous fingers.

"I did, indeed, I did, Jimmy," taking the cap from his hand, the priest drew him to a comfortable leather chair. "Sit down, lad. Are you just out of the hospital? You don't appear any too strong."

"I was dismissed this morning. I don't know any one in this city. The man who came here with me left while I was ill. You were so kind to me in the hospital—" he hesitated.

"I believe you said your parents were dead?" the priest asked.

"I don't know. I don't remember them at all."

"You have no other relatives?"

"I don't think so. There is a man, I call him uncle, but I don't believe he is really any kin. He has been very cruel to me and I hope to avoid him in the future."

As the priest talked, from habit—that old bad habit as he had confessed to his friend, John Greshan,—he had drawn a sketch of the boy and as he replaced the pad upon his desk his eyes fell upon the picture he had completed of his previous visitor. With a startled gasp, he bent forward, grasping both sketches, one in each hand and examined them closely. Then, while the boy gazed at him in amazement, he pulled open a drawer and rummaged to the bottom of it until he found and drew out an old, battered scrapbook.

Turning the pages hastily, he compared the sketch of the boy with several that had been penned perhaps thirty or forty years previous, then with a murmured prayer he turned to the boy:

"Jimmy, what was the name of the man you called your uncle?"

"Andy Long. Lame Andy most people called him, Father. Don't try to find him, please. I don't want to go back to him. He is bad and sometimes I have thought he might have stolen me from my parents."

The priest did not answer him. With a murmured "Deo Gratias," he had grasped the

'phone and to the bewildered boy his words seemed strange:

"Jack Wilson, is that you? Well, this is Father Weston. Is that scallywag, Billy Barton, the messenger, there? He's in the office now? Good. Tell him to run out to the east-bound train and stop a gentleman who is leaving on the 4:10. The man's name is John Greshan. Tell him to return to Father Weston's parsonage at once."

Then, with not a word of explanation to the boy, he turned to study the two sketches. "The same high, broad forehead, the same nose, mouth, and chin. Deo gratias! Deo gratias!" The 'phone bell tingled. Like a flash Father had the receiver.

"Billy caught him? Good work! He's on his way here! Deo Gratias! No, I haven't time to explain now but you and that Billy boy have done a good deed this day." And he fell again to comparing the sketches.

Ten minutes later the door was thrust open and John Greshan ran in.

"What is it, Father? Why did you send for me?"

"This boy," he pointed to the ragged lad and his voice trembled. "This boy knew Lame Andy and I thought—oh, John, look at him!"

"Father Weston! Tell me quickly! Who is he?"

"A poor boy whom I befriended at the hospital and told to come to me when he was dismissed. He came this afternoon, after your departure. You know my old hobby! I drew his picture and then the similarity of his features and yours struck me so forcibly that I hunted up my old sketches of you as a youth. They are indetical."

"If it is only true! Our prayers to be answered after all these years—"

"It is true! I questioned him and he has been living with a man called Lame Andy."

"My son! My dear, long-lost son!" he turned to the astonished youth, but Father Weston added a word of caution.

"He has been very ill, John. The boy is weak—" he paused for they were paying no heed to him. The boy had put out his hands in eager pleading, all the hunger for parent-love in his brown eyes, as he whispered:

"Are you my father? My real father—"

"My boy! My boy!"

Father Weston dashed his handkerchief over his eyes, softly crossed the floor and left the room. This reunion of father and son was too sacred for the eyes of any intruder, priest of God though he be. He hastened through the sacristy to the Altar and dropped on his knees.

"Dear God, I thank You!" he murmured with

bent head. "Others have criticized my hobby, calling it a bad habit, but You, my Lord and God, saw fit to use that old hobby as the instrument of Your holy will and thus unite a father and son! Deo Gratias! Deo Gratias!"

St. Paul of the Cross

A. C. MCK.

THE parents of St Paul, pious and contented with their lot, were more eager to see their children free from sin than to have them gain riches and honor. The mother made the perfect spirit of religion part of her discipline in controlling her children. It is said that if any of them began to cry or was grieved she pacified them by placing in their hand the crucifix and saying something about the figure thereon. The stories told them were about saints, the books they read were the lives of saints, and the mother and the father lived like saints, and all this was done without restraint, naturally and gracefully, and thus they were led by their amusements to admire and become ambitious of imitating a life of virtue.

Paul at the age of fifteen practiced heroic austerities and penances, and the mother and father, while careful that youthful piety did not run to excess, wept for joy at seeing the fruit of their good instruction. Paul spent long hours in absorbing devotion before the Blessed Sacrament in the parish church, and such was his devotion to Our Lord in the Tabernacle that when a heavy bench fell upon his foot and caused blood to flow, he remained motionless, and referred to the wound as a "rose sent from God."

A few years later the vision of a scourge with the word "love" written on its lashes, assured him that his desire for suffering would be satisfied. In the hope of dying for the faith he thought of joining a crusade against the Turks, but a voice from the Altar advised him that he was to serve Christ alone and should found a congregation in His honor. At the command of his bishop he began to preach the Passion. His vocation was tested by severe trials. All his first companions but one deserted him, and it was only after seventeen years that his order was approved by the Holy Father, and the first home of the Passionists opened on the spot pointed out by the Blessed Virgin.

He chose as the badge of his order a heart with three nails, in memory of the sufferings of Christ. His devotion to the Passion of Jesus was united with the devotion to the Dolors of Mary. He was used to say: "Whoever goes to our Lord will find His Mother with Him; where the Son is there is the Mother."

He was constant in his labors, and seemed to know rest only by name. In journeys by land and sea, seeking interviews with those in authority, in which he experienced many delays and often rebuffs; his missions and retreats, his preaching and administration of the sacraments. He suffered also the opposition of the good, and persecution from the evil minded. His designs were often misunderstood, and his words and actions interpreted as deserving of censure.

While bearing a heavy cross, Paul had many consolations, and God was pleased to sanction the labors of His faithful servant by signs from Heaven. Frequently he was favored with visions of our Lord in Glory, the Blessed Virgin, and the visits of angels, and through these he was given a certain foretaste of the beatitude of the souls of the blessed.

"Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints." St. Paul of the cross followed his crucified Lord in life and in death he was not separated from Him. Over eighty years had he lived upon earth in innocence of soul. Naked and deserted except by a few chosen souls died the God of the Christian. In a room the only ornaments of which were a representation of Christ crucified and a picture of our Lady of Sorrows, died a fervent Christian whom that God's sufferings had charmed into a crucified life.

The Eucharist heals the maladies of the soul. It strengthens it against temptation. It deadens the ardor of concupiscence. It incorporates us with Jesus Christ.—St. Cyril of Alexandria.

The Bread which I will give, is my flesh, for the life of the world.—St. John 6:52.

Daily Communion

W. J. ENRIGHT

God,
I step out into your morning,
The fangs of low hope are lifted from my heart,
My soul prays.

Christ,
In the silences with Thee
Is delicious, ever-flowing, bounding life
My soul says.

I walk through the streets of the city buoyantly,
Feeling with strong hope that some time
I shall walk with my beloved
Through the streets of the heavenly Jerusalem;
I enter the church; He is waiting to embrace
My feeble tottering humanity with his full divinity;
My soul adores.

The Banished Portrait

CLARE HAMPTON

(Continued)

APRIL 12—The world is ablaze with spring blossoms and the birds are singing fit to burst their little throats. The bracing, perfume-laden air sends the blood tingling through one's veins and makes one feel that it is, indeed, good to live. My horse has come. It is a beautiful clay-bank mare whose sides glisten like satin. I fell in love with her at once. Have had three lessons and can sit her fairly well. I know we will have glorious times this summer, Chet and I. He is a very patient teacher, and combines the kindness of a big brother with the chivalry of a knight. Have finished my book (Church or Bible) and must say there is not a single doubt left to me but that the Catholic Church is the only true church. The next step is to see Father Randall. I am sorry I must do all this by stealth; I would rather be free and open in all I do, but with Aunt's antipathy to that religion it is out of question. Now and then a faint premonition comes that I am preparing future trouble for myself, but I dare not falter. It is absolutely necessary to my soul to find out the truth, and finding it, follow it unswervingly, even though my heart is torn out in the process. However, we will cross bridges when we come to them.

MAY 19—Can ride Beauty quite well now, and Chet and I have had several long trips together. Yesterday we went up into the hills; Beauty shied at something and led the chase down a narrow path. I was frightened to death and thought I would be thrown off, but clung desperately around her neck, and she finally slowed up of her own accord after a mile of running. Chet came up, white with fear, but seeing me safe, complimented me on my nerve. We ride every day and Aunt seems happy to see us together so much. I have not had a chance to visit Father Randall yet, though it is on my mind every day; it seems there is always someone with me or something to do or somewhere to go with Aunt or Chet. In the early morning we ride, then lessons take a great part of the day, and after that Chet keeps me busy with his curio collection. The catalogue is nearly complete. I do hope after it is finished he will not make quite so many demands upon my time, for, of course, I cannot refuse him and I like the work, but I simply must find time to slip off to the village some day.

I have confided to old Uncle Jake my change of belief, and though he was very glad he shook his grey old head, saying,

"Doan, whatever you do, let ole missus find out, Miss Annis; it would go hard with you, and it would break her ole heart."

JUNE 29—We are about to leave for Atlantic City—Chet, Aunt and I. He managed to persuade her that the plantation would get along without her presence since she has a dependable superintendent, so she has given in for once and thrown care to the winds.

Of course, with me it means no end of new frocks, and many tedious sessions with my dressmaker, and I would rather dispense with all this frippery and stay quietly at some less fashionable hotel where I would not have to spend half my time changing from one dress to another.

JULY 4—It is very cool and enjoyable here at present and I spend a great part of the time on the beach—with Chet, of course. I could sit by the hour and just watch the ocean come rolling in. I suppose I *am* a prude, but I haven't been in the water yet, though there are three perfectly good bathing suits in my trunks. The children are popping toy pistols and firecrackers in full force today, and American flags and streamers are in evidence everywhere. There is to be a great fireworks' display this evening. I must stop now and dress for dinner. Life is just "one frock after another."

AUG. 21—As it began growing hot at Atlantic City, we have moved farther north and are summering in a cottage at Lake Waumega, where we intend remaining until the first. It is delightful here and we take long launch trips, or tramp in the woods. I haven't much time to write. Chet is outside calling me to see some fish he caught, so must go.

SEPT. 10—Am hard at work again; it is the "home run." Mr. Darley thinks I have done splendidly, having nearly completed a regular four-year course in two. I hope to finish by the end of November, and until then will be busy as a bee. Have worked like a Trojan to accomplish this end. Aunt plans to give me a "coming out party" Christmas week, and then I must travel some, she says, to complete my education.

OCT. 30—There being nothing special to record except examination per cents, I have refrained from writing until something more interesting occurs. Mr. Darley was formerly a college professor and daily puts me through severe tests, which I enjoy immensely. The curio catalogue is finished, and every last piece has been properly labelled and arranged in the

great cabinet. Chet feels great pride in his collection and is constantly bringing in friends to see it. As a consequence he is always calling on me to help entertain them, and I haven't one bit more time to myself than formerly. In addition to that, he insists on my playing tennis or golf with him every day, saying that I need the exercise, since I apply myself so closely to my studies for a great part of the day. In fact it seems he cannot bear to do anything without me, which is a hardship. I was used to stealing off now and then by myself to some shady nook, where, undisturbed, I could read or meditate, whereas now I count myself lucky if I can slip off to my room for a few minutes alone with my "Imitation."

NOV. 30—Whew! This has certainly been a hard month. This morning I despatched my last examination paper and closed my books for good. Mr. Darley has kept an exact account of all my studies, just as if I attended a school, and my general average is 99.2, which he says is more than satisfactory. Aunt complimented me on my work and is kinder than ever; she says she is glad I measure up to the Worthington standard, which has always been high. I am glad I please her; she has been so good, I cannot do otherwise.

When Mr. Darley left, having said farewell with tears in his eyes, I sought to dress and take a stroll to the village; but just as I descended the stairs, out comes Chet, and offers to walk with me! Shall I never have a chance to be alone? But I ought not to complain. They are but trying to make life pleasant for me.

DEC. 16—Once more all is in hubbub of preparation. Of course, for such an important occasion as my debut, the house must be torn up and redecorated, many new furnishings put in, and things generally given a festive appearance. I wish they would not go to so much trouble on my account; it makes me feel uneasy, knowing as I do, the intentions in my heart. How hard they are making it for me! Aunt has been speaking of a tour to European winter resorts after the holidays, but I have persuaded her to relinquish it for this year, saying I would rather remain quietly at home and rest after my studies. The machines in the sewing room are buzzing to the tune of new dresses! new dresses! And my head is in a whirl with all the things that are being done for me.

DEC. 28—Well, it is all over—my party, I mean, and it is 2 A. M., and I am sitting here writing in my white-satin and cloth-of-silver, and my cheeks are still warm with excitement. There were two hundred guests, and the ballroom was a bower of cherry blossoms and Japanese decorations. The lights were mellowed by Jap lanterns and tea was served by small,

dainty geisha girls. But the main thing that occurred was this. The rooms were very warm, so, throwing on a light wrap, I slipped out alone to the moonlit terrace. After taking a few turns up and down, I suddenly found Chet by my side. No movement of mine seems to escape him; he seems to know exactly where I am at all times. He was very queer and silent, and just gazed at me for a moment. Then softly he raised my hand to his lips and told me what was in his heart. I was not exactly surprised, as his assiduous attentions for some time past prepared the way. Yet, I cannot say that I felt any answering thrill, and told him that I did not really know my own mind. That would be all right, he said; that would come in time. Such an alliance would vastly please his mother, and he spoke with her full approval. Of course, my heart was free, and having a great debt to repay, what better return could I make to dear Aunt than to accept him? So I said yes, knowing that I could have chosen no kinder, more tender or honorable man. Besides, it was expected of me, and I was anxious to please. He drew out a great twin-diamond—his mother's engagement ring, and placed it on my finger. Then I received his betrothal kiss, and we reentered the ballroom. Aunt seemed watching for us, and upon receiving a slight signal from Chet, who beamed with happiness, she met us in the hall. With quick steps she approached and pressed me lovingly to her heart.

"I am so glad, dear," she said. "You have made me very, very happy this evening."

"I am glad if it pleases you, Aunt, dear," I replied.

"Indeed, and why shouldn't it? A Tellingham and a Worthington, and the property to remain in the family—why it is ideal!"

My own heart seems to be neutral; however, my life here will not be any different after my marriage, so perhaps I am choosing as well as any girl.

JAN. 10—Aunt was for announcing my engagement at a luncheon, but I have begged her to let it remain a secret for awhile, which pleased Chet not a little. He said he did not approve of this announcing business anyway. I have taken myself to task for dawdling along and made up my mind I must go and see Father Randall without fail, even if I had to climb out of the window to escape being detained. And I have succeeded. I chose a time when Chet was supposedly taking a nap, and slipped out unnoticed down to the village. Had a long talk with the good old Father, and he said he had been watching me for a long time, and felt I would come to him some day. And now I am glad I did. He is to begin my instructions the

next time I am able to get away. It is going to be a precarious business, but I must accomplish it somehow.

FEB. 2—Am becoming very wily indeed, was able to come for two instructions to Father Randall since my last writing. I hate the underhandedness, but it must be done. I am praying fervently that God will soften Aunt's heart, and dispose it kindly to the disclosure I will some day be obliged to make.

FEB. 14—Last night I was given a surprise party in honor of my birthday, which Chet, of course, sponsored. There were mostly young people, and one or two of them already knew of my engagement and congratulated me. I suppose Aunt told some of their mothers, for, no doubt, she cannot refrain from communicating, at least to her best friends, such a gratifying piece of news. Chet is as constant as my shadow; last night I am afraid I hurt his feelings. I came to the party wrapped up in deep thoughts, occasioned by the instruction hour which I took yesterday, and I suddenly seemed to see the whole thing as a vain show; the befrilled simpering girls and immaculate-dressed, effeminate, cigarette-smoking young men seemed but a crowd of manikins and clowns prancing about the floor. I suddenly turned and finding Chet's ever-attentive hand upon my arm, I impatiently shook it off, hardly thinking what I did, and said, "For goodness' sake go over to the men awhile!" He gave me a hurt look and went while I instantly repented of my harsh words. But though I was sorry for what I said, the feeling would not leave me, and I suppose Chet found me very indifferent company; he came back in time for the next dance on my program, and asked very gently if I cared to dance it with him, or would I send him packing again? The hurt look was gone, and in its place was a smiling, indulgent one.

"Excuse me, Chet, for talking the way I did," I said. "I am not quite myself tonight."

"Of course not," he replied, with that indulgent, big-brother way he had. "One does not come of age every day."

Whereupon I gave him a look, albeit a smiling one. However, I could not seem to shake off the eyes of Mary Jane Tellingham; wherever I went, no matter with whom I spoke, I seemed to see them always before me with the gentle, reproachful look in them. What ailed me? I shook myself impatiently and tried to forget, but in vain. When the last guest had gone, and Aunt and Chet had gone to their rooms and the house was quiet, I, driven on by I know not what impulse, seized my little electric nightlight, and, still attired in my party clothes, slipped out of my room and down the

corridor to the attic steps. In a few moments I was drawing out the banished portrait of my cousin and gazing spellbound upon it, unmindful that my peach-bloom taffeta was trailing on the dusty floor. I was about to slip it behind the secretary again when the initials on a trunk attracted my attention—"M. J. T." I had seen it before, but never looked in it. Lifting the lid, I saw old dresses of rich material, trinkets, packets of letters, and a book or two, jumbled about in disorder. Taking up one book, I found it to be *Lives of the Saints*; the other was "*Philothea*." These I quickly put under my arm, and softly closing the lid of the trunk, sped noiselessly downstairs, fearful lest I be discovered. Scarce had I entered my room, but Aunt knocked, asking,

"Annis, are you up yet?"

"Yes Aunt; I cannot sleep, so intend to read a bit."

"Don't stay up too long," was her motherly admonition, and then all was quiet again. I propped myself up in bed with my two new treasures, but sleep came unaware, and I woke up at ten this morning to find my reading light still burning.

5 P. M.—A box of rare orchids and maiden-hair fern arrived at noon. Of course, I loved them, but I found myself thinking how much good one could do for the poor and sick with all the money spent for trinkets, valentines, and what-not. Not that I am ungrateful, but I would rather be the donor than the recipient of much homage. And there again is proven the contrariness of human nature; if I were alone and poverty-stricken, and received very little of this world's goods, no doubt I would be fervently wishing for it. Read the first sketch in the *Book of Saints*—about St. Rose of Lima, and it charms me strangely. The spell of last night has not worn off—has in fact, been heightened by what I read. I am anxious to get back to the book.

MAR. 11—Aunt has again broached the subject of travelling, but this time Chet interfered in my favor. He said it might be a better plan to wait until we were married and then we could tour the world together, to which Aunt finally agreed. I am very glad, since not for worlds would I give up my instructions now. They are nearing the end and soon I may prepare for the glorious day of my admission to the Catholic Church. Chet asked me if I thought the autumn would be a good time for our marriage. I replied that it was as good a time as any, but up in my mind suddenly loomed an obstacle. By that time I would be a Catholic, and Chet still a non-Catholic; the Church will

(Continued on page 372)

The Nuns of St. Mary's

S. M. R., O. S. B.

Part III. The Passing of a Simple Soul

CATHOLIC SPIRITUALISM

GREGORY the Great was a story teller of the first rank. Had he given his time and thought to the making of novels he would have electrified his hearers by giving to them an outlook poles removed from their own. Indeed most serious novel writers seem to have a moral or religious aim, if not an immoral or irreligious one. The satire occasionally heard, that So and So writes to show how clever she is, is too absurd in these days of widespread education and intellectual candour; the reverse is much more likely, the writer knows that by "appearing in print" she may have reason to grow in humility.

Gregory did not *invent* tales: he wrote down or dictated in his "Dialogues" what he had seen for himself or had first hand from eyewitnesses. These were four disciples of St. Benedict, he tells us: "Constantius a most rare and reverend man who was next Abbot after him; Valentinianus who for many years had charge of the Lateran Abbey; Simplicius who was third general of the order, and lastly Honoratus who is Abbot of that monastery in which he first began his holy life."

In these post-war times St. Gregory has many imitators in this respect—for we want truth rather than fiction: The war has altered our mentality a good deal. How could it be otherwise when, in four years of a life and death struggle, the columns of the press casually gave any fine morning what would make volumes of history, as merely the result of the happenings of the day before or the upheavals of the previous night? Although the events might have been preparing for long before and the upheavals merely the crust shot from the top of the volcano, it often seemed but like the toss up of the penny which way things would go. Then we had to sit up and gradually become convinced that truth is stranger, stronger, more satisfactory than fiction.

Translated from the Latin into English the

"Dialogues" lose somewhat of their descriptiveness. The passing of St. Benedict is very fine in the original. St. Gregory has the Saint preparing for death as for a visitant long expected, the fever gradually tightening its grip "ingravescente"; the spirit, however, utterly invincible, he commands his disciples to bear him to the oratory, there he receives his last Communion and standing erect he extends his arms and thus gives forth his soul to his Maker. Other saints have chosen to die on sackcloth and ashes, not so "the man of God, *Vir Dei*, Benedict," but "Standing with arms outstretched in prayer,

As one that hath been crucified!"

—Longfellow.

Let me continue in the words of St. Gregory: "Upon which day two monks, one being in his cell, and the other far distant, had concerning him one and the selfsame vision: for they saw all the way from the holy man's cell towards the east even to heaven, hung adorned with tapestry and shining with an infinite number of lamps: at the top whereof a man reverently attired stood, and demanded if they knew who passed this way: to whom they answered saying that they knew not. Then he spoke unto them 'this is the way (quoth he) by which the beloved servant of



ARMS OF ST. MARY'S PRIORY

God, Benedict, is ascended to heaven."

"Blessed be such a going forth, but much more blessed such an entering in," says Gregory in another instance, thus expressing the Catholic thought of death for all time. Terse though it was, it was sufficient for believers of the Ambrosian, Augustinian, Gregorian ages. The spiritualists of our time would search more deeply into the future of the spirit freed from the body, and John Henry Newman has answered their questionings in "The dream of Gerontius." He leads the soul stage by stage to the very vestibule of heaven, but dares not venture in with it beyond the threshold. Some spiritualists would peer inside, of that life beyond the veil they would study the conditions, but "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor can the heart of man conceive" them.

Newman is said to belong to the age of the Fathers, well has he thus taken his theme from "the last of the Fathers," from that same Gregory too who from the Coelian Hill sent the faith to England. Most fittingly then the most English of Englishmen should from the busy heart and brain of England develop the doctrine of Rome. But thirteen centuries of evolution in this country has this to show: in pagan Mercia the passing of kings or great ones only was watched with wonder, to Newman, writing within sight and sound of the mercantile capital of these same Midlands, the "Go forth, Christian soul" of any, even of the lowliest, was a subject of great and stupendous wonder; truly "the last in the kingdom of heaven is greater than these."

Perhaps then the death of a simple religious, one of the ordinary rank and file, may, if told simply and keeping to facts, not be without its interest today.

A GOOD-BYE

We all knew Sr. Ethna was going to have a big operation in the County Hospital. It might be for cancer in the throat, but we shrank from inquiring too closely and so did she. "I don't mind anything now, since that night last July; I went through an awful night of suffering and then in the end I made up my will: I knew then that I was meant to suffer," she said as she picked up her clogs quite contentedly from a corner of the cloister at recreation. Three of us, her most intimate friends, were round her then, the day before she left for the hospital, and our searching glance gave us no pang for she was wearing a look of glad strong peace. The throat specialist had been out here to see her on Thursday, an *operation* was inevitable, she would go on Saturday and have the "op" on Monday.

Dr. Montague had already seen her early in September, but he did not want to operate then. First, the growth had not developed, secondly, it was greatly inflamed, and lastly, she was too weak and run down for an operation; he ordered rest and nourishment and "hoped his prescription would give her relief."

Then she was off work: she mended the habits of those too busy to do their own; worked at fine cambrics for the sacristy,—"I do love to feel a bit of fine work in my hands."

"Yes, that you can do with a microscopic needle," we chaffed her, and potted about and helped the young sister who had been put to take her place. But physically she felt no good for anything.

"It is something quite new," remarked Sr. Clare, "to go upstairs to the infirmary and find Sr. Ethna in the sitting room crouching over

the fire warming her hands"—this strong woman with the build and strength of a man, and a more powerful physique than many men now-a-days.

But life became weary and burdensome to her: she read none of the books she had promised herself to read when she was "on the shelf"; not one of the spiritual works did she study that she meant to give her mind to when time offered. Accustomed to get up just after 4 A. M. every morning as sacristan, she could not sleep at night now, there seemed nothing to make her drop off, now that the spur of an extra early rising was removed. Meals in the infirmary refectory were never congenial to her: she missed the quiet, order, silence of the big refectory downstairs, and longed to get back to her old life with the community. She liked to find herself with the crowd, at recreation, work, prayer. She had no cosy corner of her own. Everyone interested her, she gave and took, and when hit she hit back and had often to say her "mea culpa" in consequence; but it was a lovely contrition, so humbly heartfelt: man, God-like in this, cannot but appreciate a "heart contrite and humbled." She liked to hear everyone's news; followed up the relatives of the lay sisters, inquired if Dolly had gone to her first place and how all Mary Kate's people were. She was always ready to swap confidences, noticed everything about her sisters, and what she disapproved of she was down on like a load of bricks; but with her great heart she entered into and backed them up in all their little plans, and made their joys and griefs her own.

In those days, when she was "of the common observance," nothing roused "the old Sr. Ethna" (her term for her former self) more than to be told for some passing ailment to go to bed early or not to rise with the others. "Such nonsense," she would say, "absolute waste of time and bed," and she was like a child until she got the order rescinded: "Very well, my dear, but you will not keep the fast of the Rule tomorrow," said her superior. "Worser and worser" she would lament playfully and of course managed to get her own way in the end. A true daughter of her holy Mother Saint Scholastica; that sainted mother had made up her mind to spend her night "in sacris colloquiis" (in holy conversation) with her brother, St. Benedict, but he was determined to keep to rules and return to his cell in the monastery. She appealed to God as umpire, it was a contest between love and justice, and God was on her side, because, as St. Gregory remarks here, "God is love." Sr. Ethna would give her best

to God, she had physical strength and felt she must spend it every bit in His service.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, send me here my purgatory." Had she made that petition? I believe it. "I would love to make that prayer my own; but it would take courage," one day she said at recreation when they were talking about the devotion called "The Jesus Psalter." Some of the sisters said they left that petition out when they came to it, others, that they never felt quite sincerely that they meant it.

"I had an Aunt in Belgium and she made that her prayer and it seemed to be granted for she had a most beautiful death." Sr. Lioba spoke casually but Sr. Ethna turned to her greatly interested.

"What sufferings did she have, bodily or mental?"

"Oh, she had a lingering illness and died the death of a saint. All the nuns were crowding round her bed and said she was most beautiful to look at, like one who had already seen Our Lord." Sr. Lioba was merely relating what had been told her at the time, but she, seeing she had touched a chord, was not shy and went on. "That dear old aunt was very full of the love of God and used to say she could not bear to think she would die and be for one moment without seeing Our Lord."

The motive for having the purgatory over was what delighted Sr. Ethna. Sr. Lioba prided herself on being able to read people pretty accurately, but to find this companion of her's good-natured, generous, buoyant, though she might be, was also a mystic—"In love with Love"—was entirely unlooked for.

Sr. Ethna had no declared malady then; she was "getting on," which meant that spring cleaning, dusting, climbing a ladder were no longer a joke to her: a heavy day's work caused her to drop off to sleep at afternoon meditation, "the prayer of the quiet" she laughingly called it. After a while she complained of a pain in her neck, "a stiff neck," she said.

"Your own fault for sitting so near open windows on foggy days," her friend, the apothecaress, told her. "And now you must go to bed in your cell for one day at least and have fomentations, much better than to be laid up a whole week," the apothecaress' way, she used no honeyed words, but we liked her all the better for that. She was just a simple blunt, bonnyfaced sister who grew very red in the face occasionally when contradicted and gave vent to her feelings, "Oh, dear! Oh dear! people are trying!" The others thought Sr. Ethna was working too hard and that "if she'd only remember that she's not so young as she used to be, (Which of us wants to remember

that?) all that getting up at half past four in the morning." But Sister Ethna was Sister Ethna and very wisely or unwisely they let her alone.

The specialist looked grave at his second visit—we were now early in January. "He thumped and pushed and looked and he felt," she said; then, "Now, Sisters, please leave me alone to consult with Dr. Davis," the convent doctor. The door shut and the sisters went out to wait at the cloister window. Was there a question of life and death being talked out in that room by those two men? The little group standing almost shivering on the red tiles felt the moments heavy with fate. Presently the door opened, they were called in, but not the patient: she went in too. Dr. Montague expostulated, "I don't—think—YOU ought to be here, Sister." He hesitated, and deliberated; Sr. Ethna was there and to all appearance meant to stay. "Wel-l Sis-ter; but won't you be seated?" looking towards one of the chairs.

"Then, you must sit too, Doctor."

It is *extra* ordinary how in crises of life those little mannerisms of kindness or the reverse cling to one. The three other sisters and Dr. Davis were waiting in silence for the specialist to begin.

"We have decided that there must be an operation. It may be a serious one as there is a growth in the throat and I would not advise this operation for everyone, but you, Sister, are a very good subject, and I hope that it will be a complete success. But as I say I would not do it for everyone and it—*may be serious* and it were best to face it in that way. Sister Ethna understood.

That, Thursday, night at seven she and the apothecaress went to make arrangements with the chaplain: she was leaving for the hospital on Saturday, should she have Extreme Unction on Friday? Friday mornings she had always been accustomed to take the Father to the infirmary to hear the confessions of the invalids, would he anoint her then?

All was simplicity, no fuss, no commotion—"Non in commotione Dominus." The issue had to be faced, she would inflict her cross as little as possible on others. She conducted the Father to one room to hear the confession of a nun crippled with neuritis, and then lay down on a bed in the next, a spare room. "Oh I did feel happy when I was anointed;—it was just like another profession! happy! happy! happy!" Then the priest went on to hear the confession of another old Mother and Sister Ethna got up and put on her stookings and was ready to conduct the Father back to the sacristy when he had finished his rounds. What are the se-

crets of a soul that has braced itself up to unconditional surrender to God. Ah! they would make a book worth having; but the lips of them that hold them are sealed for ever.

Sr. Ethna walked out that day with Sr. Lioba; just what that sister longed for but scarcely hoped to have—Sister Ethna all to herself for their last recreation together—for she knew it was the last. They walked the round of the "Plantation" and a reporter might have written down every word they said without giving away any secrets. Then they turned into the big garden, the sun was shining and they continued their talk on commonplaces, but somehow, as they walked in face of the light and Sister Lioba looked over the red brick wall to the country fields beyond, it was the great beyond of eternity she had uppermost in her mind. Her companion probably had it too, but, brave woman that she was, she talked of the time when she would come back, of the spring weather coming on and how quickly she would pick up. They passed the gardeners digging and the three men stopped digging and looked up; they knew of the coming operation, for St. Ethna asked that they be told that they might pray for her. It was almost a relief—to Sr. Lioba at least—when the bell rang for "Silence" as they were nearing the house, she knew well that were that recreation to go on all day they would get no nearer the point—many things are best left unsaid. More than once she told herself not to be a fool, that the "op" was going to be a success, but—. Is it Lord Macaulay who puts it in this way: "the thought of eternity is so deeply rooted in the mind of man that he can never bring himself to say 'Good-bye. This is the last,' without a feeling of sorrow and regret."

(Conclusion next month)

The Banished Portrait

(Continued from page 368)

demand a Catholic wedding, and my secret will be out! And that entails all sorts of possibilities. How Chet feels about Catholics, I do not know. Perhaps it will end the whole thing! Well, I leave all in the hands of God.

MARCH 30—Today is Easter Sunday, and Father Randall was to have received me into the Church, but alas! Aunt insisted that I be present at dinner, to which she had invited many guests, so that she might announce my engagement. She said it would be unseemly to let it go any longer, and so I had to submit, although I would rather have dispensed with it, since if anything should occur to cause a break between us, we would be saved a great deal of embarrassment. So I phoned the rectory, and Father

said I might come tomorrow, or any day this week that I was able, and he would perform the ceremony. Have read the Book of Saints twice, Philothea once. Went up to the attic again in search of more. Found "Galaxy of Martyrs," a wonderful volume all about the early Christians.

APRIL 16—Am the happiest person in the world. Was unable to get away until Monday, when I managed to find a chance at last, and have reached my coveted goal. This morning I received our dear Lord in Holy Communion, and understand at last how Blessed Imelda, of whom I read in the Book of Saints, could have died for joy at the moment of communion. I came home and buried myself in my room, nor would I come out for anyone, even though Chet begged me to go walking with him. I took my "Imitation," and for the first time felt the true significance of Book 4, wherein the disciple speaks to his Lord during Communion. I seem to be buried in an ecstasy of joy, from which I do not wish anyone to waken me. All things in the world seem as naught, and I wish I could evade the dinner dance I must attend tonight at the Morton's. Think I will find some excuse for not going; this day must be wholly and entirely devoted to my Master.

(To be continued)

A Spring Song

LOLA BEERS MYSEN

"What art thou Spring?

Thou, thy song, thy song thee."

WHAT is this music of impassioned tenderness not only unbosomed in liquid notes by a thousand throbbing-breasted little songsters but carolled by the brooks, whistled by the poplar leaves, hummed by the honeybees, chirped by grasshopper and cricket, cooed by the mating doves, early robbed by the soft April rains? And why dream unceasing? Forgive us, it is of the song of spring. Proof, you say! There is proof everywhere. Will you not believe the budding moss rose, the little pussy willow; the wintergreen squawberry and that coppice of tangled vines—the garden bed of early spring? Who does not love the wild cucumber vine, and read Spring's greetings in the latticed traceries of their shade? Who passes by without a glance the wee lady-slipper which so proudly wears the royal purple? Who does not dream sweet dreams in a thousand-globed clover meadow? Only the ignorant, the selfish, the proud!

You smile when I mention the mullein with its yellow spirals and large green leaves, but

(Continued on page 380)

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—"Of making many books there is no end," says Holy Scripture. A recent calculation places the number of different books published since the invention of printing at about sixteen million. A modern plant to be located at Kingsport, Tennessee, is to be able to print and bind 100,000 books a day.

—Pullman car walls are now built of one piece of steel, thus adding to the safety of passengers.

—Larger than the world's famous Colosseum at Rome will be two modern structures of similar character. The largest in the world will be the new Wembley Stadium near London. It will accommodate 126,000 people, though only 35,000 will be seated. In actual seating capacity this British amphitheater will be surpassed by the American League baseball stadium in New York, which will seat 85,000 people.

—The latest in alarm clocks is for the busy man to remind him of engagements. The rim of the dial has 48 slots into which small cards can be inserted. A card inserted at the 3:15 slot, for instance, will cause the alarm to ring at the desired time for eight minutes, or until the card is removed.

—Glass eyes that move are the result of modern operations in both the hospital and the 'glass eye factory.' In the hospital the stumps of the optic nerve and of the muscles are retained, wherever possible, so that the artificial eye will move in harmony with the patient's sound eye.

—Two tubes to do the work of four for wireless reception is the outstanding fact of the new 'reflex action' circuit. Radio frequency oscillations, after passing through the tubes, are again led through the tubes as audio frequency oscillations.

—Would you like to drink 1957 gallons of water every day? That would be the amount needed to secure an efficient dose of radioactive salts from the water shown to possess the highest radioactivity of any on the market. As a result of many tests with all the foreign and domestic commercial waters sold to consumers, the U. S. Department of Agriculture concludes that not one warrants the purchase for the radioactivity.

—A new threshing machine of small size, which sells at a price within easy reach of the small grain farmer, may prove a great time saver, since with it the farmer can follow the reaper and thresh his grain immediately.

—Some men would believe rather in an eternal slime than in the eternal Creator. This thought is very appropriate in view of the growing effort of sensational magazines and newspapers to popularize the teachings of extreme evolutionism that man evolved through the ape from eternal, lifeless, matter. The recent discoveries of the ancient Egyptian tomb, containing the body of Tut-ankh-Amen, show evidence of a civilization that has astounded the modern world. The more

man explores, the more he finds his ancestors to have been like to himself, and not like to an ape.

—Whence do eels come? No baby eels, no eggs of eels, have ever been found in American or European waters. The breeding place for both American and European eels has recently been located in the Atlantic Ocean near the Bermuda Islands. A Danish zoölogist, Dr. Johannes Schmidt, set out in a small ship, and after fishing for years along the trail of the eel, finally found the long sought for spot. Is it not striking that the mature eel, after living for years in our streams, will suddenly develop reproductive organs, the female assuming a silvery bridal coat? But the long journey is necessary for the laying of the eggs at this one place in the Atlantic. And the eel never returns from its bridal trip.

—Coué and Couéism, with the power of autosuggestion, continue to attract public attention. As mentioned in THE GRAIL for February, this power for curing disease lies in the functioning of the nervous system. But germs that are alive and kicking will pay but little attention to the Coué formula. Mr. Phillips, in the *New York Globe*, hit the nail on the head when he said that the Coué method had been used from time immemorial, but that it suffered from the lack of an effective press agency. From the marvelous cures ascribed to autosuggestion, Catholics need fear nothing as an argument against miracles. The miracles in the Gospel, at Lourdes, etc., such as raising the dead to life, healing cancer, etc., are beyond the power of any autosuggestion.

—The glider, an airplane without an engine, continues to increase its record for remaining in the air. Recently in England, such a 'sailer' remained aloft for nearly three and one-half hours. In connection with this feat, it is interesting to recall that about 900 years ago, a monk of Malmesbury, named Eilmer, made short glides in the air. When attempting longer glides, he encountered a 'pocket' in the air and fell to the ground, breaking both his legs. He ascribed the accident to the absence of a 'tail' on the machine for the purpose of balance. In the model used in the above modern record, a tandem monoplane, fitted with a tail or rudder, was used.

—Amateur wireless transmission is increasing in efficiency. In a recent test for trans-Atlantic sending, 316 American amateurs were heard on the other side of the ocean.

—In the case of Father Pio da Pietralcina, the living stigmatized Capuchin Friar of Foggia, an extraordinary phenomenon from the standpoint of science is the abnormal bodily temperature, reaching sometimes to 122 degrees Fahrenheit. The ordinary clinical or fever thermometer cannot be used.

—Three years of experimenting to make the ideal cup of coffee! A series of exhaustive tests as to con-

tents of the coffee bean, effects on the human system, the tastes and distastes of individuals, have led to several conclusions, of which the following are the most interesting from a general viewpoint. Coffee is not to be *boiled* in a metal container, otherwise it will have a slight taste of the metal. The ideal conditions are: water just below the boiling point in a clean glass vessel, the addition of freshly ground coffee, stirring of same till thoroughly wet, allowing it to settle, and decanting the beverage. In the ordinary family, say the laboratory investigators, practically the same result may be secured by pouring boiling water over the ground coffee in a muslin bag, not allowing the grounds to remain in contact with the water for more than a few minutes. The boiling water, coming in contact with the ground coffee, is chilled to just below the boiling point—the ideal laboratory condition. This latter method is familiar to many a housewife, who will feel flattered in having her practical method borne out by serious laboratory investigation.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—The death rate from tuberculosis among the Catholic sisterhoods in the archdiocese of Cologne, Germany, is seven times greater than that among the rest of the population. This is ascribed to the lack of nourishment which in some instances amounts to actual starvation.

—Five hundred and eighty-five sisters are doing charity work in the archdiocese of Chicago, caring for 3,615 dependent children in twenty-six institutions. If these sisters were to receive salaries at the rate of the lowest paid public school teachers, they would receive an annual income of \$1,053,000. They are willing, however, to wait patiently for their check until they arrive at the gates of paradise where the Divine Paymaster will give them the promised hundredfold.

—An attempt was made at Newark, N. J., to prevent Sunday performances of "Veronica's Veil," a Passion play that has been presented to the public throughout Lent for some years past. Father Grief, under whose care the play is produced, was fined one dollar for violation of the "Vice and Morality Act," one of New Jersey's "blue laws." This action was resented even by Protestant ministers who are in sympathy with the campaign on the part of the Lord's Day Alliance, which forbids the performance of plays on Sunday. Upon more mature reflection the Recorder became more convinced, as he said, that religious performances were not under the ban and the fine was ordered refunded.

—A niece of Gen. Robert E. Lee, Mrs. Sophie Orr, died at the ripe old age of 110 at her home in Syracuse, N. Y., on Feb. 19. Mrs. Orr, who was baptized in the Old Cathedral of St. Mary, at Montreal, is survived by five generations. She outlived three husbands.

—Rev. Charles J. Quirk, S. J., whose charming verse appears frequently in the pages of THE GRAIL, is getting out a volume of verse which is to appear about Easter.

—Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, United States Congress-

man from New York, died quite suddenly on his sixty-ninth birthday at Washington on March 1. Mr. Cockran, renowned as scholar and orator, was a native of County Sligo, Ireland. At the time of his death he was serving his seventh term as U. S. Congressman. He seldom missed Mass on week days, occasionally acting in the capacity of server when no altar boy came, was practically a daily communicant and an ardent advocate of daily Communion.

—The new Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi, who succeeds Archbishop, now Cardinal, Bonzano, arrived on March 2 at New York, where he was accorded a hearty welcome. The new Apostolic Delegate, who is a man of much experience in international diplomatic circles, is said to speak English with the utmost fluency.

—The first Catholic woman to be elected to the Congress of the United States is Mrs. Mae Ella Nolan, who was chosen to fill the unfinished term of her husband who died recently.

—Sister Mary Octavia, an Indian Franciscan Sister of Perpetual Adoration, died Feb. 24 in Wisconsin. She was a cousin of the Indian priest, Rev. Philip B. Gordon.

—The first step in the process of the canonization of the Little Flower, Sister Therese of the Child Jesus, has been taken. The Holy See has approved of the miracles submitted for beatification.

—Miss Katherine McGrath, B. S. M. D., and her two sisters, Isabel and Anna, will enter the order of the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity at the motherhouse, Holy Trinity Station, Cottonton, Ala. The Missionary Servants are endeavoring to break down prejudice and bigotry in the South by establishing schools for the education of children, through whom they hope ultimately to reach the parents. In the few years since their foundation these sisters have accomplished a great deal of good.

—The Camillian Fathers, or Clerics Regular, Servants of the Sick, an order established by St. Camillus de Lellis in 1586 for nursing male patients, are about to open at Milwaukee the first monastery of their order in the United States.

—A French actor, dressed as a Catholic priest, who attempted to recite an alleged confession of a well-known artist, was dragged from the stage and badly beaten by an audience at Metz.

—The Catholic Unity League, founded in New York in 1917, has a membership of 5,800. The object of the League is to enlist lay apostles for church unity in the United States and Canada. In the short period of its existence the Catholic Unity League has distributed among non-Catholics over 62,000 books, 210,000 pamphlets, and has financed for them twenty-one courses of lectures.

—The establishment of one full scholarship in the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service for each of the Latin-American Republics represented in the Pan-American Union, has been announced by Rev. John B. Creeden, President of the University. This ought

to help to create a better understanding and cement friendship between future leaders of the Latin-American republics and the United States.

—Mrs. Ida Bauer, who died in January at Detroit, Mich., was the mother of three Notre Dame Sisters and the sister of eight other religious: three Franciscan priests, a Brother of Mary, two Franciscan Sisters, and two Notre Dame Sisters.

—Under date of Feb. 16, 1923, the Holy Father willingly accorded a special blessing not only to the editors of each Catholic paper in the United States but also the apostolic benediction to all supporters of our Catholic press. "Whatever one does for the uplift and development of the Catholic press," he said recently, "I will consider it as having been done personally to me."

—The Chinese mission movement is growing. Rev. Austin Partl, O. F. M., and Rev. Ulric Kreutzen, O. F. M., two Franciscans of the Cincinnati Province, sailed on March 22nd from San Francisco for the mission field in China. It is announced that several of our sisterhoods will also send members of their communities to the Chinese missions this year. Among others the Sisters of Loretto intend to open an academy in Han-Yang.

—Just as we were about to go to press a dispatch was received from Conception, Mo., stating that the Rt. Rev. Frowin Conrad, O. S. B., founder and the first Abbot of Conception Abbey, had died on March 23. Abbot Frowin was born in Switzerland on Nov. 2, 1833. Joining the Benedictine monks at Engelberg in his native land, he was professed on Aug. 15, 1853, and ordained to the priesthood on Sept. 14, 1856. Coming to America, he spent some time on the missions in Indiana and then went to Missouri. There on the bleak prairies in the northwestern part of the state, near what is now Conception, he set up the standard of St. Benedict on Sept. 18, 1873. God prospered the new foundation, which became a priory in 1876 and then an abbey in 1881 with the founder as its first abbot. The blessing of the new abbot took place on June 29 of the same year. Abbot Frowin was a man of solid virtue; he had a kindly disposition and was a tireless worker for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The large abbey buildings, beautiful church, and flourishing college, will remain a monument to the energy and thrift of the late Abbot and his spiritual sons. He saw his community grow from several members to eighty-three religious, of whom fifty-five are priests. Among these latter were two of his brothers, Fathers John (deceased) and Pius. A third brother is the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Conrad, O. S. B., Abbot of New Subiaco Abbey in the neighboring state of Arkansas. Feeling the burden of his years and the infirmities of old age coming on, Abbot Frowin petitioned the Holy See for a coadjutor. In the election that was held on May 10, 1922, the choice fell on Rt. Rev. Philip Ruggle, who is now superior. In two more weeks the deceased prelate would have completed forty-two years as Abbot. The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the monas-

tery will occur on Sept. 18, 1923, six months hence. While Abbot Frowin did not live to celebrate this golden jubilee in the midst of his beloved community, let us hope that he is even now enjoying a never-ending golden jubilee in the realms of paradise with St. Benedict and his many sainted sons who are in possession of that peace which their holy Father Benedict held out to them when they enrolled under his banner and accepted his rule at their entrance into the Order.

Benedictine Chronicle

REV. DOM ADELARD BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

—Dom Benedict Steuart, O. S. B., takes issue with Abbot Butler on his definition of Benedictine contemplative life in the latter's "Benedictine Monachism." *Pax*, Caldey's representative quarterly, has a paper by Dom Steuart in the December, 1922, issue: "Is Benedictine Life Contemplative?" The gist of the entire paper, in the form of a syllogism, might read:

1. Every Order is founded for two ends; 2. The "essence and nature of an Order inheres in its first end" (Apostolic Letter, "Religiosus Ordo," Leo XIII); 3. The end of the Benedictine Order is "to lead its members by means of the evangelical counsels to every perfection of soul, undertaking for this purpose those works which the rule of St. Benedict declares to be of chief importance: the Work of God—the Divine Office." The second end is "to perform with thoroughness and care any other works to which each congregation is able and chooses to extend the activity of its members." The conclusion drawn by Dom Steuart is that the first end of the Order is to practice the contemplative life.

—It is to be deplored that *Chimes*, a Benedictine quarterly published by the monks of Buckfast Abbey, Devon, England, now in its third year, is so little known and read here in America. Its appeal is more than insular and the very perusal of its pages brings that tinge and flavor of medievalism when Buckfast was a flourishing Benedictine foundation before the Normans had set foot in England. The abbey, one of the victims of the dissolution, was restored by Stephen, King of England in 1135. Again repeopled by Benedictines in 1882, it is now being completely restored on the ancient site.

—In "The Monastic Chronicler and the Early School of St. Albans," (S. P. C. K.), Professor Rev. Claude Jenkins gives us a pleasant and lively discussion of sources, dates, and authorship of medieval chronicles. Not the least attraction of the book is the author's method of beginning his tales. He is a pupil of the once-upon-a-time school. Professor Jenkins gives an example of the true critical spirit in a writer of the twelfth century, an age from which that spirit is supposed to be absent.

—The nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, England, have again put us under obligation to them. To these seemingly inexhaustible springs of translated literature we are now indebted for "The Letters of St. Teresa," published

by Mr. Thomas Baker. This book of the greatest of woman writers is worth a score of anaemic manuals and should be in everybody's library—and hands.

—"Monastic Life in the Middle Ages" is a reprint of former essays of Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., D. D. One of the most important of the group deals with the mission of Monsignor Erskine during the Napoleonic war. There is also another gem—and what is not a jewel that flows from the Cardinal's pen?—on the constitutional history of monasticism.

—The Olivetan nuns at Morton Grange, England, wishing to increase subjects and support, have caused to be published the sketch of the life and spirit of the founder of the Olivetan Benedictines, "Blessed Bernard Tolomei." It should be successful in its mission.

—The prolific pen of Dom Justin McCann, O. S. B., has now given us "The Doctrine of Self-Discipline," a short but persuasive exposition of the Catholic doctrine of bodily and spiritual self-control and mortification.

Gleanings from the Harvest Field

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

—Burma, the largest province of the Indian Empire, has a population of 12,000,000. Of these 90,000 are Catholics. This figure will not seem small if we call to mind the many obstacles that confront the missionary. The climatic conditions alone demand real heroism.

—Spanish Benedictines were among the early missionaries to the Philippines. Due to change of government they now devote themselves chiefly to teaching. St. Bede College in Manila ranks among the highest educational institutions of the islands and is empowered to confer degrees.

—When Fr. Van Hecke, S. J., visits his scattered flock of 12,000 Christians at Kurdeg, Bengal, India, he rides through a veritable zoological garden where tigers, bears, leopards, and wolves run wild.

—"The adage 'time is money,'" writes Fr. J. A. Zanzvliet, M. S. C., from Surigao, Philippine Islands, "does not apply to life here, and when one has been some years in the province he has acquired an amount of patience that would have made the holy man Job jealous. Recently I went to Tandag, in order *quickly* to get a motor boat to bring me back to Surigao, but at Tandag I had to wait *ten days* before there was an opportunity to secure my passage home. One must choose between patience and nervous prostration under these conditions, and I think the former preferable."

—Many are kept from embracing the Catholic Faith by the indifference of Catholics in matters of religion, and by their irreverence in church when attending the Holy Sacrifice and other religious services.

—During the twenty-five years of his administration as bishop of the Belgian Congo District, Mgr. Van Ronsle, B. F. M., has seen his apostolic zeal amply rewarded. 300,000 baptisms have been conferred and 100,000 converted negroes received the sacrament of

confirmation. Some 9,000,000 Holy Communions have been distributed, and since 1914, 20,000 Catholic marriages have been blessed. The extent of his Vicariate has been greatly reduced, but there are still 50,000 Catholics and 60,000 catechumens under his jurisdiction.

—A commission, which toured West, South, and Equatorial Africa for various Protestant mission societies, has lavished encomiums on the Catholic schools in the territory visited. "It is impossible," says this commission, "to give an adequate description of the important educational work maintained by the various Catholic Societies." It calls the Marianhill Institute of the Trappists in Natal "one of the most important schools in South Africa."

—The Report of the Mission Work among the Indians and Negroes for the past year, 1922, states that of the total population of Indians in our country, who number about 1,148,700, there are 684,046 Catholics; and of the 7,577,790 Negroes 189,629 have been converted. There is need of more laborers, and those already in the field need the support of our alms and prayers to continue their noble work.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

UNIT ACTIVITY

A certain amount of activity on the part of its members is necessary for the healthy preservation of any society. Vigorous campaigns for memberships, grand initiations, and formal enrollments are all very well in establishing an organization but something tangible in the form of real work is needed to maintain the interest and hold the loyalty of the members.

Thus it is with the various Units of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. At the formation of a new Unit, those who join do so out of a spirit of zeal in the mission cause and thereby express their willingness to cooperate with any mission projects undertaken by their Unit. They are asked primarily to pray—which they are glad to do, although an occasional reminder on this score is entirely in place. But if one will just observe, he will note that those Units in which crusade fervor is languishing to the point of extinction are those which have secured their diplomas of formal affiliation, advised their members to pray for the missions, and rested on their arms.

Why the loss of enthusiasm in the promising Unit? Simply because it has selected but one feature of a threefold program to the total neglect of the other two. Besides praying for the cause of the missions, a good crusader is expected to enlist in the effort to acquire and disseminate a practical knowledge of Catholic missionary work throughout the world, and to lend financial aid to the missions in so far as he is able. In Units which have no opportunity to engage in the last named phase of mission activity and but little in the educational work, prayer is indeed the mainspring of

(Continued on page 381)



CHILDREN'S CORNER

AGNES BROWN HERING

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—We wish you a happy, holy Easter. We wish that you may rise to a new life spiritually, and that you may enjoy God's manifold blessings to the fullest extent, and this you will do if you perform His holy will.

April showers bring May flowers.

April Fool

Jokes played on the first day of April are a great deal of sport for some persons but they oftentimes cause serious inconvenience to others. A joke is permissible only when it causes no heartache, and when no one is inconvenienced thereby. Filling the sugar bowl with salt may not be so bad. Putting a bent pin on a chair is a bad, bad joke, and no boy or girl should ever be guilty of such a naughty trick. Let your jokes on April Fool's Day be the pleasant kind. Instead of putting a mouse in sister's shoe, why not place a bouquet of flowers or a sack of candy where she does not expect to find it?

April

Dear April frowns in shifting skies
The dark clouds show her pout.
She sighs in breezes—when she smiles
The warm, spring sun shines out.
She frets and scolds in gusts of rain
Her tears flow like a river.
She smiles and weeps and smiles again
And knows that we'll forgive her.
We love sweet April's changing ways,
For each wild mood we thank her.
But if I had a child like that—
Dear me! I'd have to spank her!

L. W. T.

Beautiful Behavior

"Beautiful behaviour," said Emerson, "gives higher pleasure than statues or pictures. It is the finest of fine arts." Truly, an individual's manners are an index to his character. Not only what he says, but the way in which he says it, reflects the mind of an individual as clearly as a mirror shows the object or the person before it.

Good manners show refinement of the mind and are an indication of true nobility. I do not refer to the so-called society manners, put on for effect and to suit an occasion. I refer to manners which are the result of gentle breeding.

A teacher who comes in contact, day after day, with all classes of children, is in a position to understand clearly the close relation between manners and character. Let us suppose that we have before us a class of boys and girls. Let us observe them for a time and see if we can verify the truth of this statement. Here sits a girl with shifting eyes; her hair is dressed in an exaggeration of the latest style; she sits lazily in her seat, alternately glancing out of the window and at her book. At recreation time, she is the first to be up and outside, calling in loud tones to her companions, laugh-

ing boisterously, and causing confusion generally. She has no stability of character, cares only for a good time, which, according to her standard, is not coupled with refinement. Will she make her grade? That is a question.

Here is another girl across the isle. She is neatly, but attractively dressed; her hair is arranged becomingly, but not so as to attract undue attention; she is applying herself well and is apparently oblivious to all her surroundings. How does she conduct herself at recreation time? Does she mingle with the rest or sit apart by herself? She enjoys a good time, yes indeed, and can laugh merrily, which she does with an air of refinement that is characteristic of her. She is full of life and enthusiasm and goes in for a good time with as much eagerness as she attacks her lessons; and her conduct everywhere is exemplary. She knows how to be a lady under any or all circumstances. Will she make her grade? There is no question about it.

Notice that boy coming in the door. He walks with a swagger, looks about with a sort of proprietorship, bangs his books down on the desk, and seats himself with a force that makes you feel sure he has broken the seat, or will do so the next time he sits down. He speaks loud and with careless air. You are convinced, without further acquaintance, that this lad will bear watching.

Another boy is coming through the hall. He moves rapidly and with energy, but there is a noticeable air of refinement about him. His clothes are well kept and neat; he does not wear flashy neckties; his face is pleasant, his eyes bright, his smile winning, and you at once form a very agreeable opinion of him. You expect him to be attentive to his lessons because his bearing is such as to convince you that he has high ideals, and that he is striving to live up to them.

The face and manner of an individual just as clearly portray his character as a mirror gives back the reflection of the object before it. An individual cannot be one thing and appear to be another. Here is a quotation which is suited to little children, and which applies just as truthfully to those who have grown up:

"Little children, you should seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine forth in your cheeks and eyes."

Easter Eggs

Probably the best known of Paschal customs is that connected with the Easter Eggs. In ancient times the practice was strictly religious. On Easter morning red colored eggs were brought to the table and one was placed at every seat to symbolize the joy that Easter brings and the passing away of the season of fasting, as the use of eggs was prohibited during the Lenten time. They also represented the newly-risen Christ, born again of the womb of the earth; as eggs were, then as now, symbolic of new life.

In the old countries it is still common for the godparents to give presents of richly hued eggs. But in America nearly all the religious features to the Easter

egg are forgotten, though no country puts them to so many different uses as we do. Among the most universal of the Easter games is the hiding of the eggs and having the young folk hunt for them. This practice is very popular among school children. Another game is the "Egg-rolling" the children of the city of Washington have every Easter Monday on the lawn of the White House.

It is doubtful about the origin of these egg hunting contests, but it is supposed to have originated with Margaret of England. A beautiful little story is connected with it. When Margaret was deposed from the throne by revolutionists she was forced to flee with her two children to a place of safety. In her flight she happened to be passing through a thick forest at evening, and was becoming anxious as to a place where she and her little girls might spend the night, when a robber suddenly sprang from the fastness and demanded her jewels. Forgetting herself she rebuked him severely for thus addressing the queen. The highwayman at once relented both on account of her imperiousness and also because he had a grievance of his own against the usurpers of the throne. So, instead of robbing her, he requested her to stay with him in his hut in the woods until the storm should blow over and something could be done to regain her lost throne. The queen agreed to remain for a short time at least, and so went with him to his hermit home. Now, it happened that the next day was Easter, and her children had always been accustomed to having games and amusements on that day, and she did not want to disappoint them now. So having obtained a few eggs from her robber-host, she dyed them with berry-juice and hid them in the nearby woods. The next morning, which was Easter, she told the children about it, and they went to hunt for the nest of wonderful eggs. Not finding the nest, they were about to give up in disappointment, when, from under some shrubbery, sprang a small white rabbit. They went to the place from which it had come, and there they found, in the grass, many red and purple eggs. The little princesses at once concluded that the rabbit had laid them. Thus ever since, the Easter egg hunt has always been associated with the Easter rabbit.—Ex.

Resurrection

The world is softly singing
Of resurrection song,
Of life from death upspringing,
Of hope, serene and strong;
And louder grows the chorus,
As longer grow the days
That open wide before us
Their golden gates of praise.

For lo! the earth is learning
A half-forgotten strain;
And exiles are returning
To Eden's joy again.
A Man has passed the portal,
And sheathed the flaming sword;
And Love is crowned immortal,
And Paradise restored.

G. W., in *Songs of Light and Shade*.

Curing of Cursing

At Namur, in Belgium, Anna, a little girl, made great progress in her catechism, for she studied it diligently. Especially was she deeply impressed by what the second Commandment forbids—cursing. Her father was a quick-tempered man, who gave vent to his anger by a volley of curse words. One day little Anna came home late from school. No sooner had she entered the

door than her father began to scold her and give way to his bad habit. Falling upon her knees before her enraged father, she pleaded: "Father, punish me for my fault, but oh, do not curse any more." Ashamed of himself but proud of his little girl, the father henceforth suppressed his anger and cursed no more.

The Easter Vigil

Lord, let me watch beside Thy silent tomb,
'Tis Easter eve. Thy holy pain is past;
Thy cup of life is drained even to the last,
Last bitter dregs. How still the midnight gloom
Broods on the sleeping garden; bud and bloom
Wait for the dawn in slumber folded fast,
And all is still, save that the sentry passed
A moment hence, guarding Thy powerless tomb.
In the tense silence of this pregnant hour,
With quickened heart I watch the eastern way
To catch the first gray trace of morning-tide.
Lo! as I wait, with resurrection power
A mighty angel rolls the stone away,
And Thou! "Rabboni!" standest at my side.

George Edward Day.

A Weather Report

The day was darkly drear
Till you were in it,
But sunlight splendored clear
That very minute.

The world was dull and bare,
No birds a-winging;
You came, and all the air
Was full of singing.

The world was sleet and storm,
A wintry murmur;
You came, and tender, warm,
The world was summer!

Easter

Like a meteor, large and bright,
Fell a golden seed of light
On the field of Christmas night
When the Babe was born;
Then 'twas sepulchred in gloom
Till above His holy tomb
Flashed its everlasting bloom—
Flower of Easter morn.

Rev. John B. Tabb.

Letter Box

(Send all communications for the "Letter Box" to Agnes Brown Hering, Royal, Nebraska.)

Evelyn Davis, 2020 W. College, Spokane, Wash., asks for admission to the Corner. She is eleven years old and in the 5th Grade. She would like to see letters from more of the western readers.

Ethelreda Duffy, 2945 Cass Ave., St. Louis, Mo., would like to exchange letters with the readers of the Corner. She says she has had her leg broken five times and must wear a brace. She wishes her name put in THE GRAIL so that the Corner readers may write to her.

Lila Wellman, Elizabethtown, Ky., writes her second letter and says she remembered this time to follow the rules and write with pen. She attends the parochial school and is in the second year high school. She is 14 years old and wishes to correspond with others of her age. She finds the Corner very interesting.

Geneva Loser, 580 St. Joseph Ave., Dayton, O., is a new member who expresses admiration for THE GRAIL and the Corner. She is fifteen years old, and enjoys tennis, volley ball, and also winter sports.

She tells us that Dayton is a manufacturing city. "Most of the Cash Registers of the world are made in Dayton in the National Cash Registers factory. The president was John H. Patterson. He is dead now, and his son takes his place. We have large aviation fields. The Wright Brothers of Dayton made the first successful aeroplane. Their success has been proven in Europe and in the United States. We sold our patent to France. Mr. Wright is styled 'Ford of the Air.' His sister Catherine helped him to assume this title by encouraging him in his work.

"We have another factory called the 'Delco.' They make ten different types of starters for automobiles. The Delco lighting system is a great thing for farmers since they make the work of the farm much easier."

Mary A. McGill, 710 Owen Street, Saginaw, Mich., is another newcomer asking for admission. She is fourteen years old and is in the ninth grade. She sends a poem which we may publish later.

Patty Kimball, 137 Grand Street, Albany, N. Y., writes that she has been reading the history of the Cathedral parish. She gives us the following information: Bishop McCloskey first came to Albany in 1847, he was installed in St. Mary's Church, the oldest church in the city. He at once recognized that it was not suitable for a cathedral and took steps to secure a new site. He found a favorable spot and excavation began the following spring. He begged people to lend their personal services and replies must have been favorable for before long the cornerstone was laid.

"After four years, on the feast of the Presentation, this great church was dedicated to God.

"Bishop McCloskey, out of his great reverence to Our Blessed Lady, called the Church the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. And it stands today just as it did then with the exception of one spire and the sacristies, which were added later."

Patty wishes correspondents.

Alphonsine Neeb, 1116 Cambronne St., New Orleans, La., says she thinks THE GRAIL is one of the finest magazines published. She is sixteen, and attends the Ursuline Academy. She likes the idea of making acquaintances through the Corner, and she wishes to hear from the members.

Geraldine Chaussard, 1931 Cambronne St., New Orleans, La., has been reading THE GRAIL for a year and feels that she would like to be admitted to the friendly Corner. She is fifteen years of age and attends the Dominican Academy. She says that New Orleans is the largest city of the state and is often called the Crescent City because of the crescent shape of the river at that place. "By reason of its location the city enjoys unusual rail and other transportation facilities. After Galveston it is the largest cotton market in the Union, and its export trade surpasses every port in the Union except New York and Galveston. It has the largest naval dock in the country.

"There are many fine public buildings in New Orleans the principal of which are the United States Custom House, the City Hall, Cotton Exchange, and the Louisiana Civil Court House."

Geraldine wishes to hear from the readers.

Joan Deters, 3448, Keokuk Str., St. Louis, Mo., thirteen years of age, who goes to St. Anthony's school, is

in the 7th Grade. She broke her leg on New Year's Day. She is wishing that some of the Cornerites will write to her.

Batchelor Button, New Orleans, La., has been reading THE GRAIL only a few months, and finds it very interesting. B. B. is ninth in a family of eleven. She likes to skate, ride a bicycle, play ball, and is fond of music. She wishes to hear from some of the Cornerites.

What is your address, Batchelor Button?

Catherine Hurley, San Francisco, is twelve years old, and is in the sixth grade of the Agassig School. She attends St. James Church. The following is her contribution to the "Smiles":

Where will you find me when the sun goes down?
In the shade.

Why does the buffalo on a nickel remain standing?
Because he cannot sit down.

Exchange Smiles

Little Boy (excitedly)—"Mother! Mother! give me five cents for a poor man who is out in front crying."

Mother (Sympathetically)—"Yes, poor man, what is he crying about?"

Little Boy—"He's crying, 'Fresh Popcorn,' five a bag."

"Mamma gave you the biggest piece of cake," said 5-year-old Edward to his little sister. "She always gives you the most of everything."

"Well, never mind, Edward," replied the little girl, "she is going to put mustard plasters on us tonight when we go to bed and I'll ask her to give you the biggest one."

Willie was almost through the reading lesson when he came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Willie looked at his classmates and laughed.

"Barque, Willie!" exclaimed the teacher harshly.

Willie, looking up at the teacher, finally cried out, "Bow-wow!"

At a council school a new scholar presented himself to the teacher. He answered the questions as to his name and age satisfactorily.

Then the child was asked: "Well, where were you born?"

"I wasn't born at all," was the reply. "I got a step-mother."

A scientist passing a house said to the little boy who was in the front yard, "Johnnie, has your father gone to the office this morning?"

Johnnie answered, "No, papa is awful sick in bed." Reprovingly the scientist said, "You're wrong, Johnnie. Your papa just thinks he's sick."

"Oh!" was Johnnie's comment.

The next morning as the scientist was passing he said to the boy, "Johnnie, does your father still think he is sick?"

In a burst of tears, Johnnie replied, "No, papa thinks he is dead."

The conjurer was producing eggs from a top hat. He addressed a boy in the front row.

"Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said the boy.

"How's that?" asked the conjurer.

"She keeps ducks," answered the boy.

"Can any of you tell me what the ruler of Russia was called?" asked the teacher.

"The Czar," roared the class.

"And what was the Czar's wife known as?"

Only two voices answered this time:

"The Czarina."

"Ah!" said the teacher, eying his flock fondly. "That is very good. Now who will tell me what the Czar's children were called?"

"Czardines!" yelled one little boy.

Teacher (to class in Natural History)—"What kind of birds are most frequently kept in captivity?"

"Jail birds," volunteered Tommy.

Fritzie gets by pretty well with most of his studies except arithmetic, which he refuses to take seriously.

His uncle tried to point out to him that business men had to have a knowledge of the subject, but he said he was going to be a farmer.

"Suppose you were a farmer," said Uncle Wallace, "and a man came along and offered to buy six cows, for \$50 each, how would you know what to charge him for the six?"

Fritzie pondered a minute, and then said, "I'd sell him one at a time."

"Jimmy, have you washed your hands?"

"Yes, ma; an' if you don't believe me you can just come and look at the towel."

Haec Dies

M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN, L. H. D.

"This is the Day the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad therein."—Easter Antiphon.

Earth and Heaven united,
In this God-given Day:
Alleluias of the lilies,
That the chords of sunlight sway.

Between the bars of beauty,
The notes of gladness rise,
The symphony of Easter,
In sun and bloom and skies.

"He is risen," sing the blossoms,
Chants the breeze, "He is not dead."
Earth's myriad voices praising,
In one harmony are lead.

Not ours, the empty measure,
The sullen, silent tone,
Let the chorus, angel-echoed,
No human discord own.

Be ours the joy that graces
All nature in its ray,
As the happy sun that dances
On the edge of Easter Day.

His very own the rapture,
On earth that morning laid;
Our heritage of gladness,
The Day the Lord hath made.

The Birds of Spring

NANCY BUCKLEY

Adown the dull grey city street,
There passed a wagon piled with sweet
Pale blossoms that the youthful Spring
Each happy year does ever bring.
The flowers were like birds that sang
A merry song that lightly rang
Upon the cold and dusty air,
With silver notes so sweet and rare.
And all the restless hearts that grope
In darkness heard that song of hope,
And saw again through mist of tears
The dreams of golden vanished years—
And all forgot was bitter pain
In living over joys again!

A Spring Song

(Continued from page 372)

are glad when you see in its greenness promised summer; you laugh at bringing to notice the milkweed, but who of us when a child has not stooped to inhale the perfume from its pinkhooded blossom and let her fingers gently almost unconsciously caress it? Plunge into the swamp and see the slender grace of the cat-tails; smell the sweet aroma of sweet grass and balsam in the border meshes of the pond, find the nature-swaddled lily bud and the humblest best-loved of all the woodland beauties. Who is not partial to her—our violet—our queen of the moss? I have said "our" but because God made the flowers for each and everyone of us, and yet there are those with cold ignorant hearts. God pity them.

There is something mysterious, yearning, about the smell of the wild cherry blossoms. We look at them and their nodding heads smile back at us; we step near and their odor attracts us with an unknown magnetic force. It is a sappy smell, truly a "call of the wild," a hungry ravenous call of the vigorous youthful lifeblood. Leave the hiding arbutus and fragrant-like bush to wander in and out the loamy flats and along the low-banked river where speared rushes are guarding gardens and gardens of blue flags and marigolds—and then say the world is dreary. Awake and hark, for it is Spring! Her melody is never ending, it goes on forever and ever in all thankful hearts.

And is there not a spring song in every life? If not, why should there not be—why is there not one? Perhaps we have missed the keynote. We may find it out with a little patience, for we can always be youthful in our hearts "even unto the end." What does our dear old friend the Autocrat say? "I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boye than reign a gray-beard king."

Throbbing, pulsing, invigorating spring,—season when Nature's song rings clearest in our ears,—magnetic, nourishing Spring, when the forest is over-rich in sap, when life is budding, mysterious, wild; to Thee our hearts pour forth their greetings!

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

(Continued from page 376)

life and we should say nothing either disparaging of their character or belittling of the salutary fruits of prayer. But we must insist that Units which have an opportunity to spread information on mission subjects and to assist financially in the support of the missions should not be content with prayer alone.

So many different means of carrying on active work in the individual Units have been conceived, outlined, tried, and perfected in the past that it is useless to recount them here. But the point to be emphasized as the fundamental idea of this short paper is that some form of active mission work is essential to enkindle, nourish, and increase the apostolic zeal of the missions in the various Units of the Crusade.

If interest is flagging in your Unit, don't stand still and pine about it. Do something! Stage mission plays, show lectures, secure mission pamphlets and magazines, inaugurate definite and stimulating programs at your meetings, collect stamps and tin foil, ship old clothes to needy mission stations, set up confection stands, appoint a special day or week for arousing mission spirit, and above all see that as many members of the Unit as possible take an active part in the work. Give each a share of the responsibility, make each feel the full dignity of his rôle as a member of the Crusade, and thus inculcate a personal interest in the mission cause. Then no longer will you be forced to regard your languid Unit with regret—or were it better to say, 'shame'?—but on the contrary you may dwell with honest pride on the zeal with which your particular band of Crusaders is helping give the Sacred Heart to the World and the World to the Sacred Heart!

New Scholarship in Honor of St. Bernard

During the summer of 1921 there appeared in the columns of several Catholic publications an interesting and most edifying article in which was shown forth the admirable liberality of a Jew who took upon himself the obligation of meeting all the expenses incurred by a student for the holy Priesthood. A certain boy had a great longing to become a priest but, like so many others, he had not the means to pay for his course of studies. He may have been aware of the fact that certain religious communities readily accept the application of a boy who wishes to become a priest and will give him a free education. But he did not feel himself called to observe the evangelical counsels and therefore had to seek another means of attaining his goal.

He had heard of the extraordinary liberality of this

Jew, and took courage to represent to him his intentions and his financial needs. When the Jew received this message he was profoundly astonished. With tears in his eyes he said that a boy who had so great confidence in his God, that he would ask even a Jew for such a favor, was certainly deserving of every assistance and encouragement. He offered at once to meet all the expenses that might be incurred by this boy until he should become a priest.

Our readers will be gratified to hear of some of the good fruits resulting from that article. That comment on the magnanimity of the Jew brought home to many of our own faithful that we are neglecting our duty in helping along a most noble cause. The result has been the donations amounting to several thousand dollars for the benefit of students for the Priesthood.

A casual reference to the praiseworthy generosity of the Jew was met with the inquiry as to the amount required to pay for board, tuition, books, and clothing for one year at an ecclesiastical seminary. Having received the answer that three hundred and fifty dollars would be sufficient, there was a further question as to the number of years this would have to be paid. Upon the answer that after five years the diocese would gladly assume all further obligations, the offer was made to pay for one student. When the priest, who had given the desired information with all simplicity, manifested his surprise and astonishment, the only reply was that the want of this information alone had delayed the offer until then. This charitable person like so many others had been under the illusion that a sum of perhaps one thousand dollars would be required for one year. The information that an ecclesiastical seminary would willingly educate three students for that sum was received with joy.

After some little time for consideration this magnanimous friend offered to pay the yearly sum of seven hundred dollars so as to educate two boys for five successive years. Such liberality is deserving of all the spiritual benefit to be reaped therefrom. Through this offer two priests might eventually remember their benefactor at the altar. If, on the other hand, this amount were placed on interest until it would accrue to five thousand dollars, a scholarship would be formed which would pay board and tuition for one boy perpetually. Thus instead of two there might be ten, twenty, or even more priests who would remember the same benefactor when offering the Sacrifice of Mass. This appealed to the inquirer and, not satisfied with waiting for the interest to accrue, the entire amount of five thousand dollars was paid within the short space of eighteen months. As the donor of the scholarship lives in the diocese of Louisville, that diocese will enjoy the benefit of this scholarship of St. Bernard at the Preparatory Seminary, St. Meinrad, Indiana, beginning with September 1923.

Encouraged by the same good example, another generous friend has been sending monthly the liberal sum of twenty-five dollars, which to the present time

amounts to four hundred and fifty dollars. All of this has been applied to students for the priesthood who would otherwise not have the opportunity of beginning their studies.

Another and, indeed, a most promising fruit is the beginning of the new scholarship in honor of St. Vincent de Paul for the diocese of Louisville.

Among the readers of THE GRAIL there are a goodly number who are in better financial circumstances than the generous persons referred to. No doubt you must have noted the slow progress of the four scholarships which are mentioned in THE GRAIL month after month. You will observe that all the offerings made within the last eighteen months amount to less than the five thousand contributed by one generous friend. Why not imitate the good example given? If you cannot make a large offering, be assured that your mite, when added to thousands of others, will help to realize the whole amount. "The field is indeed ripe for the harvest but the laborers are few" is especially true in our own day. Many boys would even now be pursuing their ecclesiastical studies in a preparatory seminary, which is indeed the only appropriate place for a student for the priesthood, were it not for the want of financial help. Will you kindly come to their assistance? Why not help along this most noble cause which will be "storing away riches where neither the rust nor the moth can consume."

Mite boxes, in which to save the pennies and small amounts, will be cheerfully sent upon request. Address: Benedictine Fathers, c/o THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Abbey and Seminary

—February 22nd, Washington's Birthday, is one of the scheduled holidays that is "religiously" observed by all good students. The laying aside of books and the cessation of class periods, even if it be only for a day, is welcomed by the ordinary boy.

—Rev. Thomas Mattingly, class of '20, assistant at Assumption Church, Evansville, came up to spend Washington's Birthday with us and to see his brother, who is in the Preparatory Seminary.

—Friday, March 16th, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the election of our Rt. Rev. Abbot to the responsible post of superior of the Abbey. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Prior Lucas. A holiday was enjoyed by the community as well as by the students. While we regret that Father Abbot could not be with us on the happy occasion, we are greatly rejoiced to hear that his health is very much improved.

—The feast of St. Benedict, which falls on March 21st, is always a day of rejoicing for the monastic family. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Abbot we had to dispense with the customary Pontifical High Mass, but Solemn High Mass, followed by Benediction, was celebrated by Father Prior. Father Benedict officiated at solemn Vespers at 11:30. Some of our readers may not be aware that on the week days of Lent the Church celebrates Vespers before dinner, a custom that dates back to the early ages of the Christian era.

—After completing a year's novitiate, Bro. Gerard, (Michael Nilan), a young man from Louisville, took the triennial vows of the Order on St. Benedict's day. A

brother and a sister, besides other friends were present at the inspiring services. The community welcomes each new member. Although young America seldom takes to the humble position of lay brother, which is the common complaint of all Orders, may Bro. Gerard have many followers.

—Rev. John Flynn and Mr. Sylvester Bloemke, of the Theological Seminary, both of whom were absent for about two months because of pneumonia, are back at their books. The former is approaching the end of his course while the latter still has several years ahead of him.

—Mr. Charles E. McLaughlin, of St. Paul, a friend and benefactor of ours, died a truly Christian death early in March in California, whither he had gone to escape the rigors of a Minnesota winter. The funeral took place at St. Paul. Father Cyril represented the Abbey. We commend the repose of his soul to the prayers of our readers.

—Bro. Ephrem, who was in a critical condition, suffering from inflammatory rheumatism and complications, was taken to the hospital for treatment. Hopes are now entertained for his recovery.

—Father Subprior Celestine left on March 25 for Missouri to attend the funeral of the late Rt. Rev. Abbot Frowin Conrad, which took place on the 27th.

—March was a freakish month. Winds, and storms, and sudden changes from warm to cold, from sunshine to cloud, kept us guessing what would be next. A severe wind storm that passed through this section on the 11th uprooted large forest trees; others were twisted or torn to smithereens; roofs were damaged and small buildings were sent somersaulting over the hills. Sunday, the 18th, was a balmy, sunshiny, spring day with the thermometer ranging somewhere between 60 and 70. In the early evening an unlooked for change occurred. Black clouds overcast the sky and an ice-cold gale came from the north. By morning the temperature had fallen to 12 degrees above 0 with snow in the air and a biting blast from the polar regions.

—Fr. Berthold (Francis) Harpring, O. F. M., College '13-'15, who is pursuing his theological course at the Franciscan seminary at Oldenburg, Ind., received the tonsure and the two first minor orders in January.

—Rev. Bernard Kunkel, class of '21, assistant at Breese, Illinois, since his ordination, has been appointed assistant at St. Luke's Church, Belleville.

Book Notices

Marion Ames Taggart has written another booklet for children, "The Wonder Gifts," which in form and make-up is a companion book to "The Wonder Story." The present booklet contains simple explanations on Confession, Holy Communion, and Confirmation. The attractive full-page colored illustrations appeal to the eye. Benziger Brothers, 36-38 Barclay St., New York, are the publishers. The price is 35c postpaid, three for \$1.00, 100 for \$22.50.

From the same publishers we have a new novel, "No Handicap," also by Marion Ames Taggart. This novel, which deals with American life, fascinates the reader throughout. The fact that the author shows how Catholic principles work out, makes it a desirable book to place in the hands of Catholics to read. The price is \$2.00; postage 15c.

Rev. Richard Felix, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., is the author of "What is the Catholic Church?" a pamphlet that is intended for the bookrack. This pamphlet can be obtained from the publishers, the Paulist Press, 120 West 60th Street, New York, at 5c each or \$3.50 the hundred.

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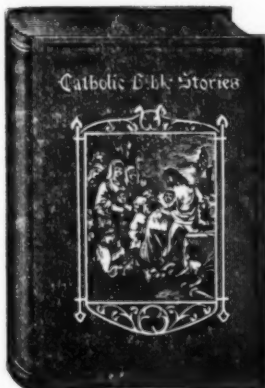
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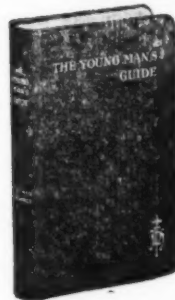
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AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Reader:

You have often been asked to help build Catholic churches, schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions. YET IT WAS A POPE OF OUR OWN TIMES WHO SAID THAT EVERYTHING YOU BUILT WOULD BE PUT UP IN VAIN IF YOU DID NOT HAVE THE CO-OPERATION OF A LOYAL AND SINCERE CATHOLIC PRESS (Pius X). We, too, feel the responsibility of doing all in our power, thru the medium of our Press, not only for the growth and spread of the Church but also to defend and preserve what has been acquired at the cost of great expense and sacrifice.

Now, not the least among the requirements for a strong, active, and influential Catholic Press are the mechanical equipments in the way of proper machinery, adequate floor space, and building accommodations. In the way of building accommodations, we are seriously handicapped and the necessity of a new printing office is becoming daily more and more urgent. We are obliged to carry on our work in two different buildings, which divides our forces and entails much extra expense. The frame structures we occupy are subject to a constant fire hazard.

Moreover, we have long cherished the ambition, with out increasing the price, to give our subscribers a larger and better magazine. Additional machinery is required for this, but we cannot install the machinery until we have the necessary floor space and building accommodations.

Since all the proceeds of our printing office are devoted to the support of poor, but deserving boys preparing for the Holy Priesthood we do not feel justified in appropriating any of this money for building purposes. We must of necessity leave the matter to our friends and subscribers. A little contribution from each and every one will solve the problem. If you will send a dime, it will be appreciated; if you will send ten dimes, it will be glorious; if you will send one hundred dimes or more, you will be doing so much that our poor adjectives cannot descibe it.

In his solicitude for the Catholic Press the Holy Father grants the Apostolic Benediction to all who lend their support. We shall gratefully acknowledge each donation and a little remembrance will be send to each contributor. Kindly send all donations to:

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